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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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JULY, 1798.

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*MEMOIRS OF LORD VISCOUNT DUNCAN.*

AS long as the passions and vices of men render hostilities necessary, so long must it be necessary to procure able and gallant leaders of the contest, in order to ensure success. A survey of history, joined with the dictates of common sense, shews the propriety of this observation. But in various ages, and in different nations, the qualities of a leader vary with the circumstances in which he may be placed. It is, however, on all hands, agreed that there are certain qualifications in the general of an army, or in the commander of a fleet, which are deemed indispensable. A sound and vigorous understanding, an humane and generous attention to those committed to his subjection, a profound knowledge either of military or of nautical affairs, together with an ardent desire to promote the interests of his country, are traits of character requisite to so exalted a station. We may, indeed, behold individuals of this class in whom these qualities are not centered. But the truly eminent man, he, to whom his country will look up with expectation, nor look in vain, must rise above the ordinary herd of mortals. Beloved and respected, HE will achieve deeds of high renown. His ability and inclination will go hand in hand. In a situation where others would probably do nothing, his exertions would be the greatest, and thus he himself encircling

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clinging his own brow with laurels, would hand down his name to distant generations.

To these reflections we were led by the subject of the present memoir, which though scanty will, we trust, afford some just idea of this illustrious character. In this our Miscellany, we are anxious to bring forward a sketch of the hero whose portrait decorates our present Number. His name has been long known to Britons. His actions will endear him to posterity. Of the justice or injustice of the war in which we are engaged, we say nothing. But it must be acknowledged by every candid man, that whilst hostilities continue to last, the law of self-preservation dictates strenuous exertion against the foe. This exertion Lord Duncan has effected, and to our best thanks is he entitled for his eminent services.

We have endeavoured to procure the particulars of this great man's life, but we have not been so successful as we could have wished. No account hath been laid before the Public from which ample materials might have been derived. One short sketch respecting him, was given in a print of respectability at the time of his late victory over the Dutch on the coast of Holland. It has all the marks of authenticity, and may be depended upon for the truth of its facts. We accordingly present it to our readers, assured that it will give them a degree of satisfaction.

"Lord Viscount Duncan is a younger son of the very ancient and respectable family of Lundie, in the county of Perth, in Scotland. By the death of his elder brother, the late Colonel Duncan, of Lundie, about 15 months ago, the gallant Admiral became possessed of the family estate, worth about one thousand per annum. He married a paternal sister of the present Lord Advocate of Scotland, and niece to Mr. Secretary Dundas, by whom he has a family of several children. His eldest son is a promising young man, of an amiable disposition, and at present a student at the University; Miss Jane Duncan is very young, and beginning to make

make her appearance in the gay circles. The beauty and elegance of her person will undoubtedly give her a distinguished place in the fashionable world, unless that sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners which she possesses, shall induce her to prefer the innocent happiness of private life to the splendour of a court, and the admiration of a ball-room.

"The Admiral is *sixty four* years of age; his countenance is agreeable and commanding, he is above six feet high, and his person is well proportioned. His manners are simple, easy, and obliging, equally free from affectation and roughness, the natural expression of unfeigned goodness of heart. His life has been spent in the service of his country, and on every occasion he has maintained the character of a British officer. When a captain, and at that time reckoned the handsomest officer in the navy, his assistance was required by the civil power to quell some insurrection at Portsmouth. The brave Commander, at the head of his crew, with his sword in his hand, convinced the mob that he had spirit and firmness to enforce obedience if they were determined to resist. His frankness and generosity spared that alternative, he joked them into good humour, and they separated in peace.

"The unpleasant station which has fallen to his lot during this war, certainly pointed him out as a peculiar object of royal favour. When the alarming mutiny at the Nore deprived him of the greater part of his fleet, and he had hardly a ship left that he could trust, to except his own, the gallant Admiral caused the Venerable to be put close in with the Texel, and two frigates to be placed in the Offing to make signals. By this means he manœuvred the Dutch till he got a reinforcement. They would not venture out, thinking he was come to reconnoitre, and that the frigates were stationed to communicate between him and his fleet; but in every instance he has discovered great discernment and professional knowledge.

"After having provoked the Dutch to give him battle, till he was tired and disgusted, he conceived they had some other object in view, and that his keeping his station would prevent the very thing he most ardently desired. He gave out that he was under the necessity of returning home to refit. Some of his fleet did certainly stand in need of repairs, and the probability of this circumstance, after having been so long at sea, gave that credibility to the report which was necessary to induce the wary Dutch to commence their intended expedition. His feint of coming into port to refit, was so thoroughly believed to be real, that several of his officers and men who had gone on shore, were left behind when he sailed, after having received intelligence of the Dutch fleet being at sea. The determined courage of the Dutch in the scene of action, called forth all the bravery of the British seamen, and it was certainly the best disputed grand engagement that has been fought during the war."

Such are the merits of Lord Duncan, that the Emperor of Russia hath noticed and rewarded them. The following letter was sent him by that potentate, and is expressive of the regard he entertained for his services:

"ADMIRAL DUNCAN,

"In consideration of the talents which you have displayed during your military career; the honourable and distinguished manner in which you acquitted yourself in the command which you had over my squadron, destined to combat, conjointly with yours, the enemies of your country, and the zeal which you have manifested for the well being of my subjects, as well officers as seamen, I have created you Chevalier of my Imperial Order of *St. Alexander Newsky*, the Insignia of which accompany this for your investiture. I flatter myself that the justice which I now tender you will be received by you as a striking proof of my high consideration and good wishes. I pray God to have you in his holy and particular keeping.

(Signed)

PAUL."

*Peterhoff, July 19, 1797.*

But



But it will now be expected that an account be given of Lord Duncan's late victory over the Dutch, with the glory of which Britain long resounded. The preceding sketch specifies some circumstances previous to the commencement of the action. The battle will be best related in his own words. We prefer this mode of communicating it, as possessed of several advantages. Who is better able to describe the scene than the man who is professionally acquainted with such affairs? Who can delineate it with greater accuracy than the hero by whose superior skill and discernment the victory is achieved? Besides, we like to hear a celebrated character relating measures in which he himself bore the principal part, and the success of which is intimately connected with the welfare of his country.

*Venerable off the Coast of Holland, the 12th of October,  
by Log (11th) three P. M. Camperdown, E. S. eight  
miles, wind N. by E.*

"SIR,

"I have the pleasure to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at nine o'clock this morning I got sight of the Dutch fleet; at half past twelve I passed through their line, and the action commenced, which has been very severe. The Admiral's ship is dismasted and has struck, as have several others, and one is on fire.

"I shall send Capt. Fairfax with particulars the moment I can spare him. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

*To Evan Nepean, Esq.*

"ADAM DUNCAN."

*Venerable at Sea, 13th of October, 1797,  
off the Coast of Holland.*

"SIR,

"Be pleased to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, judging it of consequence their Lordships should have information as early as possible of the defeat of the Dutch fleet under the command of Admiral De Winter, I dispatched the *Rose* cutter at three P. M. on the 12th (11th) inst. with a short letter to you immediately after the action

was ended. I have now further to acquaint you, for their Lordship's information, that in the night of the 10th instant, after I had sent away to you my letter of that date, I placed my squadron in such a situation as to prevent the enemy from returning to the Texel without my falling in with them. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 11th, I got sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with signals flying for an enemy to leeward; I immediately bore up, and made the signal for a general chase, and soon got sight of them, forming in a line on the larboard tack to receive us, the wind at N. W. As we approached near, I made the signal for the squadron to shorten sail, in order to connect them; soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about nine miles to leeward of the enemy, and finding there was no time to be lost in making the attack, I made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward, each ship her opponent, by which I got between them and the land, whither they were fast approaching. My signals were obeyed with great promptitude, and Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the *Monarch*, bore down on the enemy's rear in the most gallant manner, his division following his example, and the action commenced about forty minutes past twelve o'clock. The *Venerable* soon got through the enemy's line, and I began a close action, with my division on their van, which lasted near two hours and a half, when I observed all the masts of the Dutch Admiral's ship go by the board: she was, however, defended for some time in a most gallant manner; but being overpressed by numbers, her colours were struck, and Admiral De Winter was soon brought on board the *Venerable*. On looking around me, I observed the ship bearing the Vice-Admiral's flag, was also dismasted, and had surrendered to Vice-Admiral Onslow; and that many others had likewise struck. Finding we were in nine fathoms water, and not farther than five miles from the land, my attention was so much taken up in getting the heads of the disabled ships off shore, that I was not able to distinguish the number of ships captured; and the wind having been constantly on the land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact account of them, but we have taken possession of eight or nine; more of them had struck; but taking advantage of the night, and being so near their own coast, they succeeded

in

in getting off, and some of them were seen going into the Texel the next morning.

"It is with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction I make known to their Lordships the very gallant behaviour of Vice-Admiral Onslow, the Captains, Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the Squadron, who all appeared actuated with the truly British spirit, at least those that I had an opportunity of seeing.

"One of the enemy's ships caught fire in the action, and drove very near the Venerable; but I have the pleasure to say it was extinguished, and she is one of the ships in our possession. The Squadron has suffered much in their masts, yards, and rigging, and many of them have lost a number of men; however, in no proportion to that of the enemy. The carnage on board the two ships that bore the Admiral's flags has been beyond all description; they have had no less than 250 men killed and wounded on board of each ship; and here I have to lament the loss of Captain Burgess, of his Majesty's ship the Ardent, who brought that ship into action in the most gallant and masterly manner, but was unfortunately killed soon after. However the ship continued the action close, until quite disabled. The public have lost a good and gallant officer in Capt. Burgess, and I, with others, a sincere friend.

"Captain Trollope's exertions and active good conduct in keeping sight of the enemy's fleet until I came up, have been truly meritorious, and, I trust, will meet a just reward.

"I send this by Captain Fairfax, by whose able advice I profited much during the action, and who will give their Lordships any further particulars they may wish to know.

"As most of the ships of the Squadron are much disabled, and several of the prizes dismasted, I shall make the best of my way with them to the Nore. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

*To Evan Nepean, Esq.*

"ADAM DUNCAN."

"SIR,

*Venerable, off Orfordness, Oct. 15.*

"In addition to my letter of the 13th instant, containing the particulars of the action of the 11th, and which I have not been able to send away until this day, I have to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty,

rally, that from the wind continuing to blow on the Dutch coast, the ships have had great difficulty in keeping off the shore, and that we have been unavoidably separated. On Friday last the wind blew strong from the W. S. W. to W. N. W. and continued so to do until Saturday morning; it then shifted to the North, when I made the signal to wear, stood to the Westward, and fortunately anchored here last evening, the Venerable being so leaky, that, with all her pumps going, we could but just keep her free. This morning I observed the ships named in the margin \* at anchor near us; three near the Kentish Knock, and three in Hoxley Bay. The wind is at N. W. and much against the disabled ships: I have therefore sent the Lancaster and Beaulieu out to render them assistance.

" Sir Thomas Williams, in the Endymion, who joined me the day after the action, I also sent in shore, to keep by and assist the disabled ships; and I am informed that, in the course of the night, he fell in with a Dutch ship of the line off the Texel, and had engaged her: but I have not heard the particulars. I am, Sir,

" Your most obedient humble servant,

To Evan Nepean, Esq.

" ADAM DUNCAN."

To this account of a victory the most brilliant that has adorned our naval annals since the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, we subjoin the encomium passed upon it by the Poet Laureat. In his *Naval Dominion*, an excellent poem, recently published, and whose merits were noticed in our Review for May, the Poet delineates with spirit our various victories at sea. On Lord Duncan he pours forth the following expressive lines:—

What trophies shall the Muse to Duncan raise,  
Whose worth transcends the boldest flight of praise?—  
Will all the powers man's genius can display  
Give added lustre to the beams of day?  
His virtues shine in native worth array'd,  
Nor want, nor ask, precarious flattery's aid.

\* Monarch, Powerful, Lancaster, Beaulieu.

Him

Him to his senate Britain's Monarch calls,  
His praise resounding from that senate's walls;  
Walls where in woven tints portray'd are seen  
The naval triumph of the maiden Queen.  
The delegated sons of Britain's choice  
In his applauses speak a people's voice;  
And while from Caledonia's northern skies,  
Prolific parent of the brave and wise,  
Bursts the full strain in patriot ardour loud  
Of such a son with honest vaunting proud,  
England asserts her share of Duncan's fame,  
And claims the hero in Britannia's name.

Few victories, either by land or sea, have had a more general effect in raising the spirits of the nation. Of its benefit for the protection of our commerce in particular, we were all sensible. Every token of congratulation was presented to the gallant Admiral and his brave fleet. Every demonstration of joy was given which is usually shown on those occasions. The king himself meditated two measures expressive of the satisfaction he experienced, one of which was frustrated by the tempestuousness of the elements, the other was fully accomplished. His Majesty intended to visit the Nore, whether the fleet returned along with the prizes after the action. He embarked at Greenwich, made some way down the river, but contrary winds obliged him to desist from his intention. One object of the expedition however was effected; the pardon of *one hundred and eighty men*, who had been engaged in the unhappy business at the Nore under Parker, was granted at the intercession of Lord Duncan. This was nobly done, and worthy of his exalted character. True courage is ever allied to humanity. The other token of his Majesty's satisfaction, was his procession to St. Paul's, on December the 19th, where thanks were returned for the victory. The cavalcade from St. James's was conducted with dignity, and the colours taken from the enemy were triumphantly borne along and deposited in the cathedral.

J. W. De

J. W. De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, was, on account of the valour with which he fought, treated by us with respect. This was characteristic of a great nation. He was a man of easy and pleasant manners. It is reported, that immediately upon his coming on board the *Venerable*, he, after the first change of compliments, said—"It was a matter of surprise to him how such *gigantic* objects as Lord Duncan and himself (he also being remarkably tall) had escaped the carnage of the day."

To the honour of the BRITISH NATION be it spoken, large sums were raised for the widows and children of these unfortunate men who fell on that memorable day. An attention to these objects constitutes true glory! On such exertions we may safely pride ourselves. Indeed Greenwich and Chelsea are standing monuments of public generosity. There, provision is made for the relief of those brave fellows whose youthful vigour has been exhausted in behalf of their native land. After long and laborious services, here they repose from the toils they have endured, and from the dangers to which they have been exposed. In this haven of comfort which they have at last safely entered, they partake of the blessings which their grateful countrymen have provided for them. They can look back to that tempestuous sea, on whose agitated surface they have been often borne, with satisfaction. They can behold with no small complacency others rising in their stead, who are equally ready to hazard their lives in the defence of their country!

We have just learnt that the gallant ADMIRAL DUNCAN has taken leave of his Majesty, and has resumed the command of his Squadron destined for the North Seas. This information must impart pleasure to every lover of his country. May DUNCAN, in whose character courage and humanity are united, long defend the shores of Britain, now threatened by an inveterate foe! May success attend his patriotic measures, and may England be blessed with such commanders, till the world be hushed into universal peace.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XVII.]

## ON TASTE.

— This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;  
But God alone, when first his active hand  
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.

AKENSIDE.

UPON Genius, Taste, and other subjects comprehended under the *Belles Lettres*, much hath been written by men of distinguished celebrity. It is not my purpose to start any new opinion on these topics, or even to concentrate into one point all that has been advanced by others. The *Reflector* is only a repository for cursory remarks on subjects, connected with the instruction and entertainment of those who honour it with a perusal.

Between GENIUS and TASTE there subsists an intimate connection which renders it necessary that they should be considered in subserviency to each other. Thus will they reflect a mutual light, capable of aiding us in the illustration of them. Apart, they cannot be so thoroughly investigated, and therefore we are justified in rendering them subjects of discussion in two successive Numbers. In this point of view would we have them contemplated. We are not without some hope that such a joint consideration of them will carry along with it several substantial advantages.

The term TASTE, applied to composition, must be understood in a figurative sense. Its original signification refers directly to the palate, by which we are enabled to ascertain the quality of the food presented to us for our nourishment and support. In a similar manner the mind is endowed with a power of discrimination respecting the subjects which engage its attention. Nothing

thing is more generally understood than the faculty of Taste. It is in the mouth of all, though few, perhaps, have philosophically investigated it. Nor is it indeed necessary. Providence hath wisely appointed that we should use both our faculties and our senses without being profoundly acquainted with the nature or extent of them. This measure is wisely ordered, since men were designed more for action in this present life than for contemplation. It is, nevertheless, highly useful for those who have ability and leisure, to enquire into such things. The investigation exalts our opinion of the Deity in the formation of man, and proves a powerful incitement to the proper exercise of those powers with which we are furnished.

Taste hath been thus justly defined by a writer who possesses no inconsiderable portion of it. "It is," says Dr. Blair, "the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art." Now that such a power is possessed by individuals in various degrees, is obvious to every one who has the least acquaintance with mankind. Not only in the different stages of life, but in the different classes of men, variety of tastes to a very great extent prevails. What dissonance subsists between the crude perceptions of a child, and the mature judgment of a veteran in the republic of letters? How much at variance are the tastes of the rude rustic who has seen nature in her most unfinished forms, and of the polished scholar whose mind, to use the words of Akenfide,

"Is feelingly alive to each fine impulse?"

Tastes are, in reality, as various as the human countenance; under every aspect a difference obtains. Hence both in kind and degree it affords ample matter for discussion. On this account the subject distributes itself into two branches, which have been duly noticed by philologists. Let us consider them with some minuteness.

*Delicacy and correctness* are the two qualities ascribed



to Taste in its most perfect state. Delicacy respects the sensibility with which our nature is endowed for the perception of beauty. Some minds are so torpid, that nothing can arouse them, whilst another class shall be affected by every breath of wind, however gently it plays upon them. These are evidently extremes which must be avoided. Now delicacy consists in a refinement of sensation easier to be conceived than expressed. As the senses of some men are far more exquisite than those of others, so their taste is equally distinguished by the various degrees of fineness which it assumes. A man of delicate taste is always understood to discern beauties which escape the vulgar. Some latent excellencies are discovered which charm the eye and conciliate the heart. Correctness, the other quality of a perfect taste, respects the improvement which it has received by means of the understanding operating to the formation of a just judgment. It implies the individual's possession of certain rules by which every object is to be estimated. His opinion is not formed at random. His principles of judging are not subject to a childish caprice, or to an humour-some fluctuation. He understands what, and knows why he approves. This is a valuable acquisition, and, united to delicacy of taste, constitutes the man of eminent genius. But it is to be remarked, that correctness and delicacy are by no means constant companions. Apart are they frequently found, and numerous instances of this truth might be adduced. Hence Blair justly observes, that "Among the ancient writers, Longinus possessed most delicacy, Aristotle most correctness.—Among the moderns, Addison is a high example of delicate taste; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a correct one." These instances are well chosen, and happily illustrate the topic which is now under investigation.

Having touched on the two qualities usually ascribed to Taste in its most perfect state, I may next proceed to

enquire into the standard of Taste. This subject has occasioned no small altercation between the critics. "Among the endless diversities of taste, how is it possible (exclaims the young student) to ascertain a criterion for true taste?" Looking abroad among mankind, we perceive this power of the mind to be as various as the human countenance. Even delicacy and correctness, the characteristic properties of a true taste, exist in different degrees in our best writers. Each author is praised for his taste, while they agree in no one thing except the diversity of those faculties with which nature hath furnished them."

To this natural exclamation, it may be replied, that the diversity cannot be questioned. But it does not follow that on this account no standard of Taste can be obtained by which beauties can be estimated. A general, and therefore a sufficient standard for Taste may be found by adverting to those qualities which universally please mankind, particularly what pleases persons who have been placed in circumstances most favourable to the cultivation of their taste. For there are beauties which, displayed in a just point of view, must impart, even to the rudest mind, a degree of pleasure. In the very nature of some objects, a foundation is laid for agreeable contemplation. There are certain latent seeds of beauty, certain hidden excellencies, scattered by the hand of the Almighty throughout the whole extent of his dominions! Nor is this observation to be confined to the works of nature, it must be extended also to the productions of art. Most arts are successful imitations of nature. Little, therefore, need be here said to prove that the remark just made is of equal application. Every performance describes either the sentiments or actions of mankind, and hence the more perfect the description, the more entire is the resemblance to nature, which has ever charms to fascinate the heart. Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Eneid*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, are admirable instances of what a just taste is able to effect in this particular

ticular way. Quintilian, that masterly critic, expressly says, "Homer extended the limits of human genius to their utmost stretch, and possessed such complete ideas of all the different kinds of writing, that HE *alone* is a perfect model of all the different beauties that can enter into any composition."

Nor must I close without reminding the reader of the pleasures of Taste, usually styled the pleasures of imagination. On these sources of enjoyment I could descant with rapture. The exquisite genius of Addison first attempted to reduce them into a regular system under these three heads—beauty, grandeur, and novelty. His speculations on the subject display an admirable ingenuity, and may be found in the sixth volume of the *Spectator*. He has opened a track of investigation, which may be successfully followed. Dr. Akenfide's poem, entitled, *Pleasures of Imagination*, contains many excellent passages illustrative of this topic, and may be read both for profit and amusement. Addressing himself to the Divine Being, in a strain worthy of the theme, he exclaims:—

..... Not content  
With every food of life to nourish man;  
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense  
Thou makest all nature *beauty* to his eye,  
Or *music* to his ear.

The pleasures of Taste are indeed more commonly distributed into those of the beautiful and the sublime. What constitutes the one and the other has been the subject of assiduous enquiry. The principles on which they are founded have been investigated with a commendable industry. It is agreed that *the beautiful* results from colour, figure, motion, design, and from the combination of these qualities in objects either of nature or of art. On the other hand, *the sublime* arises from a certain grandeur contemplated with a reverential awe, or a profound admiration. Mr. Burke places it in a

kind of terror, though sublime objects might be mentioned into whose composition nothing terrible enters. It is, however, confessed, that sublimity, either in natural or moral objects, always elevates the mind, dilating it with the grandest sensations!

It is of peculiar importance to YOUTH, that their minds should be laid open betimes to these exquisite sources of enjoyment. With their intrinsic value the sensualist must be utterly unacquainted. Bacchanalian revels impart no such joys. The boasted satisfaction of vulgar minds is not to be put in competition with them. The pleasures of Taste grow upon the happy individual who cultivates them. The faculty of enjoyment is rendered more capacious by frequent exercise. Every object in nature, and every subject in art, affords materials for pleasing contemplation. The seasons of the year are replete with entertainment. To the man of taste, the bleakness of winter, the novelties of spring, the fulness of summer, and the luxuriance of autumn, are every way acceptable. In most literary compositions, likewise, something will be found capable of administering delight. The sobriety of plain prose, and the gaiety of sprightly verse, have charms for him. Every production, from the gravity of history down to the artless simplicity of a fable, catches his attention and engages his heart. From the enchanting softness of beauty in all her variegated forms, up to the tremendous terrors of the sublime, what a range of enjoyment! That man is an object of envy. He lives as in a superior region. He converses with an higher circle of objects. To this favoured votary of taste, especially if he be a virtuous character, the following lines may with propriety be addressed:—

To please *thine* ear, soft notes the linnnet pours,  
And with grand peal the deep-ton'd thunder rolls;  
The streamlet murmurs and the torrent roars;  
The zephyr whispers and the tempest howls.

From

From each, or lofty, or mellifluous sound,  
 Each fair or awful form that strikes the sight,  
 In art's wide sphere, or nature's ample round,  
 'Tis *thine* to draw refin'd and rich delight.

FAWCETT.

ON CRITICISM—in the next *Reflector*.

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GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XIX.]

DETACHED THOUGHTS, BY LORD ORFORD.

**H**ISTORY is a romance that is believed: a romance,  
 a history that is not believed.

MONTAIGNE pleased because he wrote what he  
 thought; other authors think what they shall write.

WHOEVER expects pity by complaining to his phy-  
 sician, is as foolish as they who, having lost their mo-  
 ney at cards, complain of their ill luck to their compa-  
 nions, the winners. If none were ill, or unfortunate,  
 how would physicians or gamesters get money?

BEAUTY, after five and thirty, is like a forfeited  
 peerage, the title of which is given by the courtesy of  
 the well-bred to those who have no legal claim to it.

ALBANO's boy-angels and cupids are all so alike, that  
 they seem to have been the children of the Flemish  
 Countess, who was said to be delivered of three hundred  
 and sixty-five at a birth.

AN author without originality, is like a courtier who  
 is always dressed in the fashion: nobody minds the co-  
 lour or make of his coat: if it is ill made it is criticised;  
 if not, what can be said on it? Hundreds are dressed as  
 well. Booksellers and salesmen lay up the book or the

coat the moment the fashion of it is passed, till they can sell either into the country.

IF a man's eyes, ears, or memory decay, he ought to conclude that his understanding decays also; for the weaker it grows the less likely he is to perceive it.

ENVY deserves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody so much as itself. It is a distemper rather than a vice; for nobody would feel envy if he could help it. Whoever envies another secretly, allows that person's superiority.

WHEN flatterers compliment kings for virtues that are the very reverse of their characters; they remind me of the story of a little boy, who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their persons. One day, a gentleman who had an extraordinary large nose, being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to say any thing of the gentleman's large nose.—When he arrived the child stared at him, and then turning to his mother, said—"Mamma, what a pretty *little nose* that gentleman has."

EXPERIENCE becomes prescience.

NOTHING is more vain than for a woman to deny her age; for she cannot deceive the only person that cares about it, herself. If a man dislikes a woman because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more for being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently looks older than she ought to do. The *Anno Domini* of her face will weigh more than that of her register.

CENSORIOUS old women betray three things; one, that they have been gallant; the next, that they can be so no longer; and the third, that they are always wishing they could be.

No Woman ever invented a new religion, yet no new religion

religion would ever have been spread but for women. Cool heads invent systems, warm heads embrace them.

POSTERITY always degenerates till it becomes our ancestors.

IT is unfortunate to have no master but our own errors. If we profit ever so much under them, the unjust public always recollect the master more than they take notice of the improvement of the scholar.

MEN are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

DR. JOHNSON.

The following beautiful Ode to *Friendship*, was one of his earliest compositions :—

Friendship, peculiar boon of heav'n,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only giv'n,  
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The savage and the human breast  
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys  
On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,  
And hugs a flatt'ner for a friend.

Direct'less of the brave and just,  
O guide us thro' life's darksome way!  
And let the tortures of mistrust  
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow  
 When souls to blissful climes remove,  
 What rais'd our virtue here below,  
 Shall aid our happiness above.

#### HIS RIDICULE.

WHEN Dr. Percy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening at Miss Reynolds's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head  
 I walk'd along the Strand,  
 I there did meet another man  
 With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,  
 That thou wilt give to me,  
 With cream and sugar soften'd well,  
 Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,  
 Shall long detain the cup,  
 When once unto the bottom I  
 Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,  
 Nor hear it with a frown:—  
 Thou canst not make the tea so fast  
 As I can gulp it down.

#### KING WILLIAM.

THE courage, activity, and presence of mind of this monarch at the battle of the Boyne, in July 1690, were extremely conspicuous during the whole of the engagement,



ment, in the course of which he repeatedly charged the enemy sword in hand. An English soldier, in the heat of the battle, pointing his piece at the king, he turned it aside without emotion, saying only, "Do you not know your friends?" The day was far advanced, when the Irish at length began to retire on all sides; and General Hamilton, who commanded the horse, making a furious charge, in the desperate hope of retrieving the battle, was wounded and taken prisoner. On being brought into the presence of the King, who knew him to be the life and soul of the Irish army, William asked him, "If he thought the enemy would make any farther resistance?" to which Hamilton replied, "Upon my *honour* I believe they will." The king eying him with a look of disdain, repeated, "your HONOUR!" but took no other notice of his treachery.

#### JAMES THE SECOND.

THE rival monarch, far from contending for the prize of empire in the same spirit of heroism, kept his station with a few squadrons of horse on the hill of Dunmore, to the south of the river, viewing through a telescope from the tower of the church the movements of the two armies. On receiving intelligence from Count Lazun that he was in danger of being surrounded, he marched off to Duleek, and thence in great haste to Dublin. This dastardly conduct exposed him to the personal contempt of those who were most strongly attached to the cause, Colonel Sarsfield, as it is said, declaring, "that if they could change kings, he should not be afraid to fight the battle over again."

#### ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON

WAS a prelate who, in a very difficult and critical situation, had conducted himself with great wisdom, temper, and moderation. He had a clear head, with a tender and compassionate heart, and like his celebrated predecessor,

predecessor, Cranmer, was a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle, generous, and placable adversary.

#### VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

THIS celebrated man had formed himself on the model of the heroic Montrose, and was possessed of the same commanding talents and graceful accomplishments. Having left the convention with the rest of the seceders, he quitted Edinburgh at the head of about fifty horse. Being asked whither he was going, he replied, "Wherever the spirit of *Montrose* shall direct me." He was soon after killed at the battle of Killcranky, May 1689.

#### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE first stone was laid on June 12, 1675, by Sir Christopher Wren, and the building was completed by him in 1710, but the whole decorations were not finished till 1723. It was a most singular circumstance, that notwithstanding it was thirty-five years building, it was begun and finished by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and under one prelate, Henry Compton, bishop of London. Whereas the church of St. Peter, at Rome, was a *hundred and thirty-five* years in building, in the reigns of *nineteen* popes, and went through the hands of *twelve* architects. In the reigns of James I. and Charles I. the body of this cathedral was the common resort of the politicians, the newsmongers, and the idle in general. It was called Paul's walk. It is mentioned in the old plays, and other books of the times.

#### JUDGE JEFFERIES.

THE fallen Lord Chancellor Jefferies, the cruel instrument of despotism under James II. died imprisoned in the Tower of London, of a broken heart, aided by intemperance. Whilst there he received, as he thought, a present of a barrel of Colchester oysters, and expressed great satisfaction at the thought of having some friend  
yet

yet left ; but on taking off the top of the barrel appeared an halter !

## LAMBETH CHURCH.

MARY de Este, the unhappy queen of James II. flying with her infant prince from the ruin impending over their house, after crossing the Thames from the abdicated Whitehall, took shelter beneath the ancient walls of this church a whole hour, from the rain of the inclement night of December 6, 1688. Here she waited with aggravated misery till a common coach, procured from the next inn, arrived and conveyed her to Gravesend, whence she sailed, and bid an eternal adieu to these kingdoms.

## DE THOU,

THE celebrated historian, had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep he felt a very strong weight upon his feet, which having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream, but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask what it was. "I am," said it, "the queen of heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous ignorant man in the dead of the night and made such a speech, would he not have trembled with fear, and have frightened the whole neighbourhood with a marvellous description of it ? But De Thou had too much understanding to be so imposed upon. Upon hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman ; got up, called his

his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shewn so much courage. The king also, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgement.

## ERASMUS

USED to dine late that he might have a long morning to study in. After dinner, he would converse cheerfully with his friends about all sorts of subjects, and deliver his opinions very freely upon men and things. So says Milicheus, who was a student at Fribourg, and there had the pleasure of being well acquainted with Erasmus.

## CARDINAL POLE.

THE very day after Cranmer was burnt, Pole was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury;—so that the words of Elijah to Ahab concerning Naboth were applied to him, *Thou hast killed and taken possession.*

## LUTHER.

ERASMUS having been exhorted by his patron, Mortjoy, to write against Luther, replied with a frankness which must please every reader:—“*Nothing is more easy than to call Luther a blockhead: nothing is less easy than to prove him one; at least it seems so to me.*”

## JORTIN.

“IF a man finds,” said that great man, “some of his learned productions purloined by others, he may, generally speaking, make out his claim to his own property, if he thinks it worth while; and he ought not to be very uneasy about it as if some strange accident had befallen

befallen him. He should think and say of his writings, as well as of all his other goods and chattels:—These things I have collected for myself, for my neighbours, for friends, and for *thieves*, since *thieves will come in for a share*.

## POPE LEO THE TENTH

DIED of poison, as it was commonly supposed. As he had remarkably favoured literature, and shewed some kindness to Erasmus, this learned man, hath spoken favourably of him in some of his writings, and was willing to spare his character as much as he could. His encouraging arts and sciences, his boundless liberality to the poor, to wits, and poets, and artists, and men of letters, is what his apologists have to oppose to abundance of scandalous defects and grievous faults in his character.

## CARDINAL WOLSEY.

ON a time the Cardinal had drawn a draught of certain conditions of peace between England and France, and he asked Sir T. More's counsel therein, beseeching him earnestly that he would tell him if there were any thing therein to be disliked, and he spake this so heartily (saith Sir Thomas) that he believed verily that he was willing to hear his advice indeed. But when Sir Thomas had dealt really therein, and shewed wherein that draught might have been amended, he suddenly rose in a rage, and said:—"By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council." At which Sir Thomas smilingly said:—"God be thanked, that the king, our master, hath but *one fool* in all his council.

## TILLOTSON

ADDRESSING religious bigots, has this pointed turn: "Deluded people! that do not consider that the *greatest heresy* in the world is a *wicked life*, and that God will

fooner forgive a man an hundred defects of his understanding, than one fault of his will."

#### HUMANITY.

"IN my various journies (says the benevolent Howard) in England and Wales, I have seen many houses *defaced* on account of the odious tax on windows; and I cannot help repeating my concern for its pernicious effects. I am persuaded it has a very bad influence on the health of the lower classes of people, and this may be one reason of their not having now such healthy ruddy complexions as they had formerly. The farmer's servants having been crowded into unventilated rooms, or halls, and our labouring poor having been habituated to close habitations, they dislike, when they come into workhouses or hospitals, the admission of fresh air."

#### ON THE READING OF NOVELS.

THE inclination for reading of novels, which at this time predominates in almost every class of society, excites in the minds of the serious, and of the reflecting, the most lively concern. It is not against every novel, it must be allowed, that any great objections are to be found. But the number of the unexceptionable are few. Those alone are the proper objects of disapprobation that have a tendency to mislead the mind, to enfeeble the heart, to represent nature in improper colours, to excite, rather than to suppress, in the young and ardent, romantic notions of love, and to lead the unwary amidst the winding mazes of intrigue, and the flowery fields of dissipation. Females, in general, are the most inclined to peruse them, and from a fatal inattention to their education, they are the most likely to fall victims to their baneful insinuations. It is matter of great surprise that they should be read with so much avidity, when every person of the smallest discernment must know, that in  
general

general their plots are not much varied, for a sameness runs throughout the whole of them.

An ardent, spirited, volatile young man, of loose principles, blended with what is called a generous and liberal heart, though in reality only proper to be named profuseness of disposition, is one of the chief characters; his person is represented as interesting, and handsome, the favourite of the fair, and though the seducer of, perhaps, the only daughter of an honest and amiable pair, whose peace he has murdered for ever, yet how often do we find his vices softened, nay even by sophistical reasoning attempted to be justified. Another hero is possessed of every virtue, mild, disinterested, benevolent, chaste, and forgiving; this character, to those who love the portraiture of man to be shaded with some imperfection, gives disgust. The heroine also is often a sentimental girl, romantic in her notions of love, fraught with sensibility, grave as a matron, the darling of the poor, and the pattern for all the females of her acquaintance. Another female, just the contrast of the other, is introduced, a pert, lively, thoughtless girl, free to romp and prattle with any fop whom chance may throw in her way. With these two is joined an artful, chatty Abigail, calculated to manage an intrigue, and to train Miss in the art of love; the whole generally concluding with the reformation of the rake by the sentimental lady, who gives him her fair hand in marriage; whilst the gay girl, by her credulity, falls a victim to the malignant machinations of an unprincipled villain. So much for the morality of a novel.

It appears from a close inspection, that one incident defeats the intention of the other; for the rake should be held in detestation by the virtuous; wherever he entered disapprobation should meet him, and nothing should free him from this justly merited odium, but an atonement for the injuries he has committed by a marriage with the unfortunate fair one. Those women who marry what is called a reformed rake, unite them-

selves to the worst of assassins, the murderers of innocence, and the destroyers of domestic peace ! It is not necessary to mention all the usual characters in a modern novel ; it is sufficient to remark, that those which I have here exhibited are some of the most prominent.

If, as it is avowedly confessed, the end of all reading be to gain knowledge, to improve the manners, and to establish habits of virtue in the heart, how can any person imagine that false representations of human nature can promote so salutary a purpose ? What parent, who looks with solicitude on the conduct of his child, who vigilantly snatches from her sight every object that might excite improper emotions, or guilty curiosity ; who checks by his example, levity of behaviour, or immoral conversation, would permit books of this kind to enter the library of his daughter ? And are not the pages of some novels disfigured by gross immoralities, impious discourses, and obscene incidents ? Can the eye of delicacy peruse them ? What would be more absurd for a parent, or a guardian of youth, than to lead them into improper company ? Should not the prophane swearer, the beastly drunkard, and the unfeeling debauchee, be carefully avoided ? Those persons would be ill calculated to promote the happiness of the rising generation who would adopt such a conduct, and yet equally pernicious and detestable are, too frequently, the conversations and the incidents of many novels.

It has been speciously remarked by some persons, that to secure the virtue of youth, you should familiarize their minds to scenes of every description : to guard young women, for instance, from the miseries of seduction, it is thought necessary to shew them its miserable victims. But we do not find bad men restrained from their iniquitous pursuits, by the sight of a criminal executed for similar offences. General information of the follies and vices of mankind, with proper injunctions not to practise a conduct so repugnant to virtue, joined with an assurance of severe censure, if your advice is neglected,



neglected, is the duty of every parent. Can it be necessary, however, nay, is it not idiotism, to suppose the morals can be improved by what are often erroneously called representations of human nature? To keep youth from being degraded by vice, will not general precepts of morality, the promises which religion makes to her votaries of inward peace here, and permanent felicity hereafter, and the threats, if we transgress, of severe pain, as cogently restrain, as a minute exhibition of every incident that accompanies vice in her mad career?

There are many scenes in novels delineated with such glowing colours, that irresistibly inflame the imagination of youth. A fallacious high sense of honour is sometimes inculcated, that were it to be practised, would embitter the whole of life with painful reflections, or with abject penury. Causes of *real* distress too frequently occur in life; therefore it is injudicious to encourage that species of writing that enfeebles the health, by exciting a sensibility for fictitious misery. In the families of tradesmen, where every one ought to be at their assigned task, it is particularly injurious. The girls being so addicted to reading, the mothers cannot without great difficulty and vexation get any work performed. Possessed of a charming novel, they love to sit whole days, laughing or weeping, as the various incidents excite; nursing by turns every passion that is prejudicial, and every sensation which is most probably their duty to suppress. The infatuation has even spread to the lower circle of society, and it is now no unfrequent sight, on entering a poor man's house, to see a novel lying on the table, which at every interval that can be snatched from observation, is read with foolish extacy, while the necessary duties of the family are neglected. The expence likewise, must be more to borrow such books than the produce of the husband's labour can afford.

Amongst either of these classes of society, the rich, the middling, or the poor, it has another mischievous effect,

effect, which must not be overlooked. When characters are by the pencil of fancy too highly coloured, and the real husband, which in general happens to be the case, is not so finished a portrait, the infatuated wife feels herself disappointed, and often cherishes a mean opinion of the man whom it is her duty to love, and render happy. This is, in a thousand instances, the cause of that discord which in this present age so notoriously prevails in domestic life.

To check the increase of such productions, therefore, and to warn young persons against their dangerous effects, ought to be the duty of every moralist. That there are novels so excellently written, as to forward the interests of virtue, cannot be denied, but in general those fascinating illusions of the imagination have a direct tendency to injure, rather than to augment the happiness, and establish the morals of mankind.

I—S—,

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## ACCOUNT

OF

*The extraordinary Circumstances that attended the Execution of John Young, at Edinburgh, on the 9th of December, 1750, for forging and uttering counterfeit Notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland.*

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 9, 1750.

**J**OHN YOUNG, late serjeant in Lord Ancram's regiment of foot, was executed here yesterday afternoon, pursuant to the sentence of the High Court of Justiciary, pronounced against him on a remit made to that court by the lords of session; before whom a full proof was deduced of Young's having vended false notes of the royal bank of Scotland, knowing them to be so forged and fabricated.

This

This unhappy man had amused himself before trial with the hopes of being acquitted; and after sentence, with those of obtaining a pardon; for which great interest was used by the officers of the army, &c. though all to no purpose; the hurt done to public credit by such destructive practices rendering it necessary that an example should be made to deter others from committing the like in time coming. Indeed this unfortunate man complained bitterly of his hard fate, in being made the only sacrifice to justice, while two others, rather more culpable than he, they being the very engravers and fabricators of the notes, found means to save themselves by immediately turning evidences against him, who did not scruple to accuse them of perjury, though with what truth I cannot determine.

Young, however, on the day, nay, at the very time of execution, betook himself to a very unusual expedient to save his life for a time, seeing then all his hopes of pardon entirely baffled: the magistrates appointed to witness the ceremony having assembled about two o'clock, at the prison-door, accompanied by the proper officers, the guard, and an infinite multitude of spectators; they, attended by two clergymen, went up to the prisoner, and having read over to him the sentence, they asked his objections to the executing the same. Young answered, that he had none: but observing that the sentence appointed the execution to be performed betwixt the hours of two and four in the afternoon, that suggested a thought to him, that if he could preserve his life till past four, the magistrates could not afterwards execute him. Accordingly he desired leave to retire a short time with the two reverend ministers, for spiritual consolation, which being granted, they returned with him to the iron room, where he had been confined since under sentence; and after talking a little with them, he begged they would allow him to spend a few minutes in private devotion, which seeming reasonable, they withdrew, and he ushered the clergymen to the outer door

door of his apartment, which shutting behind them, he retired to the inner room, the iron door of which he also immediately bolted.

Soon after the officers of justice, surprized at his delay, endeavoured to open his door, which, to their great surprize, they found bolted: then they knocked, and desired him to come out. No, said he; in this place I am resolved to defend my life to the utmost of my power.

On this the door was attempted to be forced, but it, as is said, being of iron, in vain were the most violent endeavours used for that purpose.

This extraordinary accident was immediately rumoured about. My Lord Provost was sent for, and accordingly appeared in person. The city clock was stopped; and surprise and expectation appeared in every face. A considerable time being spent to no purpose in forcing the door, that attempt was given over, and the only possible method of getting in was found to be by breaking up the floor of the room over the head of the prisoner, which at length was, in about two hours, effectuated; and a passage being opened, a gun was presented to him the prisoner, in order to terrify him, and compel him to open the door; but this did not frighten him in the least; for he said, that as he had lived, so he desired to die, like a soldier. The fellow, however, who held the gun, being a little remiss, Young making a leap up, laid hold of the muzzle, and pulled it down, threatening, upon getting possession of the piece, to shoot the first man that dared to enter; but happily the gun was unloaded, which prevented so fatal a catastrophe. Rewards were then offered to such of the city guard as would go down and seize him; and at length, after several refusing, one fellow had the courage to go down, whom Young welcomed with a violent blow on the breast from the butt of his gun, that laid the soldier on the ground. Had Young been armed with a sword, it is likely the fate of the first  
adventurer

adventurer would have stopped the attempts of a second; but he having only an empty musket, and the passage being wide, three or four more jumped in at once, and at length, after a violent struggle, overpowered and bound the unhappy victim; who still refusing to walk, the door was opened, and he dragged headlong down stairs, in a most deplorable condition. When he was brought out, he asked if it was yet four o'clock (as indeed it then was) but being answered, that he should be hanged were it past eight, he immediately composed himself to suffer that so much dreaded death. Still, however, did he refuse being accessary to his own murder (as he was pleased to term it) by walking as usual to the place of execution: he was then forced upon a cart, where the hangman sat by him, holding the end of the rope, which was immediately put about his neck, and he was in this manner dragged to the Grass-market, amidst thousands of amazed spectators; where again refusing to ascend the scaffold, he was carried up by the guard, and after about fifteen minutes, being near half an hour past four, and just almost dark, he was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

This poor man had served in the army many years, with reputation: was beloved by his officers, being never before convicted of the least offence, and was said to have been recommended to the first vacant colours in his corps.

The extraordinary manner of his exit, the strenuous efforts to preserve his life, and the unhappy success that attended them, made him an object truly worthy of compassion; and it is indeed doubted if so unusual a case has occurred in the present age.

He was a middle-aged man, very tall, and remarkably well looked.

SKETCHES  
OF THE  
*HISTORY OF JOHN BULL,*  
FARMER AND MANUFACTURER.

*(From Keith's View of Great Britain.)*

**J**OHNSON Bull inherited from his ancestors seven fertile and valuable farms, and a large sheep-walk, which one of his forefathers did not come by very honestly: But this affair happened so long ago, that no degree of bad character attached itself to John on that account. By a fortunate marriage he also acquired a very large farm to the northward; about half the size of all his other farms, but not so fertile. It was however very valuable to John, because there had always been disputes about their marches, between John's ancestors and those of his wife; and these disputes were generally decided by club law. Hence there were many bloody heads and broken limbs on both sides, and the contending parties neglected their farms when they were engaged in these quarrels. The marriage therefore was equally favourable to both parties. But previous to his marriage he was engaged in several adventures, and after it his life was full of bustle and enterprise. It would take several volumes to give a full history of his life and opinions, but the following sketches will give some idea of his real character.

When John was young, he was too fond of hunting and of martial exercise to pay particular attention to his farm. Hence his crops of corn were very deficient, though his arable fields were extensive, and their soil was excellent. At that time he paid no regard to manufactures, but sold his wool to a company of weavers, who made it into cloth, and enriched themselves by selling their work at a very high price, owing to the fineness of John's wool. The money which he got from these

these weavers he expended on tournaments or tilting matches with some neighbouring gentlemen ; and though he always fought bravely, and sometimes carried off the prize, yet he got many bruises and dangerous wounds in these contests of chivalry. Thus in the giddiness of youth his arable lands were ill cultivated, and the price of his wool, the only thing he sold off his farm, was all squandered away in these unprofitable excursions : and all that John got, was the reputation of a brave fellow who was somewhat light-headed. But amidst all his youthful follies, he shewed unequivocal marks of great vigour of mind, and several rubs which he met with in life taught him reflection. Hence he grew wiser as he grew older ; and by the time that he arrived at the age of manhood he began to improve his fields and attend to his flocks. Instead of keeping a multitude of idle people about him, who had no fixed employment, he divided his people into two classes. The first class was employed about his farm : but every man got a particular task assigned him. Some ploughed his fields, or wrought as labourers without doors : others made his ploughs, carts, waggons, and other implements of husbandry. The second class was employed as weavers and other manufacturers. For John seeing the great riches, which the above-mentioned company of weavers had gained from the superior quality of his wool, resolved to sell no more of it to strangers, but to manufacture it himself ; and he prevailed on his people to learn the arts of weaving and manufacturing it. To encourage them to exert themselves, he gave them considerable privileges, and very good wages for their labour. In process of time he found great advantage from those regulations ; though at first his people were a little awkward, and did not relish confinement. Instead of being Jack of all trades, but master of none, every one of John's servants became very expert at his particular employment. He had now the best ploughs, carts, and waggons in all the country, and also the best ploughmen and waggoners. His weavers

vers manufactured his wool into the finest cloth; and John derived great advantages from their industry. He was naturally a man of observation, and an enterprising character; and he retained all the activity, after he had laid aside the folly of youth. His marriage, which happened at this time, was a prudent one, and attended with many advantages. The people of John's old farms were free of disputes about their marches; and those on his wife's estate had had the same advantage in their turn, and found their condition altered much for the better. Instead of making excursions into John's fields, that bordered with their own, carrying off his cattle, boiling the poor beasts in their own skins, and then making shoes of what had served them for a kettle, they now learned to improve their fields, and manufacture their wool like John's other servants on his old and better cultivated farms. John was now equally successful as a farmer and manufacturer. As his whole property since his marriage was bounded by rivers or lakes in all directions, he could now have no disputes about the marches or boundaries of his lands; but having excellent streams for catching salmon and other kinds of fish, and wishing to carry his corn or cloth to market, or to bring manure to his lands, where it was too expensive, or even impracticable, to carry it in his waggons, John saw it was necessary to encourage the building of a great number of boats, and to excite the same spirit among the watermen, who managed these boats, as he had done among his weavers and farmers. At the same time being informed that some of the neighbouring gentry envied his prosperity, and were endeavouring to carry off his cattle and plunder his effects, he built several larger boats for the general security of his people. He selected the most expert of his watermen to man these boats, and also several landmen to act as centinels at proper stations. He had indeed some reason for these precautions. For a wrong-headed gentleman in the South had once come, with a number of men and large boats, to take violent possession



possession of John's property; and more lately a quarrelsome old fellow had attempted to force John to take back an overseer of his farm, whom John very properly turned off for bad behaviour. By these prudent means John was not only able to defend himself, but to over-awe his troublesome neighbours. He kept no slaves on any part of his farm, but his people were all free-men. In his youth they were bondmen, and wrought very little, because their work was not their own; but John when he came to man's estate gave them all their liberty. Hence they were very much attached to him, and always ready to support him. He had only one overseer over all his farms; for John was too wise to have many overseers. Also to encourage his people he gave his farm servants a piece of land, his weavers a house and a loom, and his watermen a boat; and took a small share of their profits for his recompence. He likewise allowed them to make bye-laws, or regulations for cropping their grounds, selling their cloth, or fixing the freight of their boats, for their common interest. The overseer was allowed to examine those bye-laws, and to disapprove of them if he thought them bad, or wished to consult John himself concerning them. But if he once approved of these regulations, he was obliged to enforce them. His farmers exchanged his corn with his weavers, who gave them clothes and other necessaries in return. His watermen, who were the best watermen that ever plied an oar, or spliced a rope, carried what John's people could spare to the neighbouring farms or villages, and sometimes to farms at a considerable distance, and brought home in return whatever was wanted at home. In consequence of all these exertions John's own villages became populous, and his lands were highly cultivated, and all his people happy. Instead of lying on straw, in mean cottages, and even in John's great hall (which was the practice when he was a young man), they had all soft beds and comfortable houses. Instead of depending upon the chance of killing any of the deer,

which roamed at large through the country during his minority, and often starving for several days afterwards, they had all plenty of excellent bread and roast meat, and were both well clothed and well fed. They were strong, wealthy, healthy, virtuous, and all free as their own thoughts. These were John's best days; and though some discontented people think these days are gone, yet I would still rent a house or a few acres of land from John Bull, sooner than from any person that I know.

But though John is one of the worthiest and best men in the world, a regard to truth obliges me to point out his foibles. I say his foibles; for I don't accuse him of any intentional error or crime. But I must honestly state the instances in which he has been misinformed or ill advised.

Upon any false alarm, his watermen are taken by the neck, and put on board of John's large boats. For, with all his good qualities, he is rather credulous: and though he has more boats and far better watermen than any of his neighbours, he is too easily made to believe that some of them are going to attack him, and carry off his cattle, or even take possession of his lands. Indeed some of them are a little hair-brained and troublesome at present. His centinels or landmen are hired for life, instead of watching only a limited time in their turn; and none but privileged persons are allowed to destroy the moles which appear in his fields. On his old paternal estates his shepherds, instead of being paid a fixed allowance for taking care of his flocks, are allowed to carry away a tenth part of all his corn. As they do not plough any themselves, John did right to give them as much corn as would maintain their families. But he should have given them a certain quantity, and then his farmers would not have complained, nor his lands have been neglected or broken up. John knows this is a bad practice; but as it is an old one, he does not choose to abolish it. Another great error of John is, that his labourers are encouraged to be indolent, by receiving a  
certain

certain allowance, when they will not work. This is false humanity ; and all these things are hurtful to his old and best cultivated lands. On his wife's estate, by an equally bad old custom, if a man once get a farm, his children are continued in it, though they should neither cultivate the soil nor pay their debts ; and the bye-laws are not so good on this estate, nor executed in the same way, as in his older and better improved farms. These things certainly prevent its improvement : but were it not for them, it would soon be highly cultivated. John is really a friend to liberty : yet out of regard to some old rules of his forefathers, he sometimes compels his labourers to work at any price he pleases. Also, no farmer is allowed to carry any corn off John's estate, without getting a present from John to take it away, when it is very cheap ; and when it became too dear, John lately gave a much larger donation to bring it back again. In the sale of his corn, likewise, John is a little whimsical. The full of his *hat* is the standard of his corn measures ; and, unluckily, though John has but *one head* he has *four hats*, all differing somewhat in their size ; and as John's farmers also use *their hats* for their corn measures, the weavers are often hurt by these practices. Indeed it is a thing well known, that John's bye-laws at first were simple and wise : but they are now both more numerous and more obscure. All these things hurt the interests of his people. Nay, what is more remarkable, their riches have hurt their health and their virtue. Some of his farmers are become so effeminate, that they will not work in all weathers. His weavers drink pretty freely ; and one of them actually swallowed a Bank note, to shew that he despised money. Hence they become bankrupts ; and sometimes help themselves out of John's granaries, or storehouses. John employs a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary, and he has built an infirmary ; but he has been unfortunate and ill-advised in this affair. The health of his people has not generally mended ; but many of them have contracted the jail

in the close rooms of his infirmary ; his physician is too partial to botany, and his surgeon deals too much in performing operations.

Farther, though as before remarked, John is really a friend to liberty, yet some discontented persons insist, that he has of late been favourable to corruption ; and has even sometimes been a little arbitrary. " His people," it is said, " are not regularly, or so often as formerly, convened to tell him what they want. They dare not speak their minds, as they might formerly do, to his overseer ; nor meet as before to talk of their affairs. They are not allowed to do as they please with their property, though they pay their rent." And it is even alledged, " that John has once or twice broken his word." These charges are exaggerated, and several others added, by an old stay-maker, who run off from John's farm without paying his debts. But it must be acknowledged, that while any of the above abuses prevail, there will be no œconomy in John's affairs ; and that with all his extensive and well-cultivated farms, and with all the exertions of his manufacturers, and his watermen, John has got himself deeply in debt. He was at first put to a good deal of expence in getting rid of a wrong-headed overseer, who, because he succeeded John's tutor, and was called the *steward*, fancied he was the *proprietor* of all John's estates. In order to punish that quarrelsome old fellow, who, as already mentioned, endeavoured to compel him to take back his overseer, John entered into an agreement with some neighbouring gentlemen, which cost him a great deal of money, but gained him some reputation. But this reputation did him no real service ; for his old passion for tilts and tournaments was not extinguished, but revived in another form. Though his own marches and boundaries were perfectly clear, yet those of his new friends and other neighbours were disputable ; and John became a self-created Justice of the Peace ; and often engaged with all his watermen, and many of his landmen, or centinels,

centinels, in settling the marches of his neighbours. He gave great sums of money to those who would accept of his arbitration. Instead of receiving, he actually gave, what is very unusual, high fees merely to be employed as an advocate, where he was no judge at all. Had he staid at home, and improved his fields, and attended to his manufactures, he would have acquired great riches; but by this imprudent conduct he got himself deeply in debt. And here one circumstance deserves to be particularly mentioned, as adding to his difficulties: his men of business, in order to get money of John, and sometimes to get a little to themselves, when they get only 60*l.* write down 100*l.* and when they get 100*l.* sometimes wrote down 180*l.* and even sometimes 200*l.* in John's books. This made it extremely difficult for John to pay his debts; and when he happened to pay off any of his bonds, his agents told him, that the more money he paid to redeem one of them, it was so much the better, and a proof that he was getting rich. By all these methods he is so much involved in debt, that he is obliged to squeeze both his farmers and his weavers, and to do many odd things to get money. And after all, some think he never can retrieve his affairs.

But this opinion has been formed without duly considering John's resources. He has extensive and well cultivated fields, populous villages inhabited by thriving manufacturers, formerly called weavers, and boats manned with excellent watermen. If he keep at home within his own marches, and (once he were out of the present scrape he is in) leave his neighbours to settle their boundaries as they please, there is no fear of him. Let him only cultivate his fields, encourage his weavers and his watermen, and attend to whatever can make his people strong, rich, healthy, virtuous, and free; and I will undertake that all shall yet be well with honest John Bull.

He must however change his measures, and make an effort to retrieve his affairs. Particularly as he cannot,

in any pressing exigency, do without his watermen, let him command their services in the most gentle manner. Let all his young men be centinels or land waiters in their turn. Let no man be hindered from catching moles, except in the harvest season, when all should be employed in cutting down their corn. Let all his shepherds on his paternal estate be well paid for taking care of his flock; but let their wages be fixed, and not paid in such a way as to hurt his farmers. Let no man be encouraged to be indolent; though his poor labourers should be treated kindly. Let no man, who cannot cultivate his field or pay his debts, be allowed to keep his farm on John's northern estate, because the man's grandfather or great uncle willed it so, or because such a custom has prevailed formerly; nor let there be any bye-laws or farming regulations on his wife's estate that are not on his paternal farms. Let John's ploughmen, his weavers, and his watermen, charge what they please for their wages, provided no man is bound to employ them. Let John alter the regulations both about the price and measure of his corn; and let all his bye-laws be plain and simple, that every ploughman, every waterman, and every weaver may understand them. Let John reward every industrious servant, and discourage every spendthrift and every silly fellow, who will not work in all weathers. And where the health of his people is hurt by their own folly, let him trust more to proper diet, and to air and exercise, than to quack medicines or keeping his people confined to close rooms. Let his people be regularly called to lay open their case to him; and let his overseer be obeyed, but respected and loved rather than dreaded. Let his people be allowed to manage their property as they please; and let John's word be always sacred. But especially let John take proper steps for paying off his load of debt. Till this be done, his farmers will be dispirited, his weavers discontented, and his watermen oppressed and ill-treated. His debts are now so great, that they cannot be paid at once; otherwise

wife his people would find their interest in paying them. But, instead of paying John for every drop of spirits, ale, and even small beer which they drink, and every hatful of malt, or yard of cloth which they make, and a number of little articles about their clothes, their shoes and hats, for the houses in which they dwell, for their windows which admit light in the day-time, or the candle which they use at night, for soap to shave their beards, and for powder to conceal their want of hair on their heads, let John Bull's people shew their attachment to one of the best fellows in the world, by paying every man a small portion of his income to clear off all the debts which John has promised to pay, whether just debts or not; only let the people who pay the money choose proper men to manage it to the best account; and let John Bull's overseers and his clerks be all tied up for the future from booking 200l. or 180l. or 112l. 10s. where John only got 97l. And where this false reckoning has been already made, let them get up John's bonds as cheaply as they can; and let John's managers, whether farmers, weavers, or watermen, be chosen by those who give a considerable sum annually to discharge his debts.

If such measures be adopted, honest John will be relieved from all his difficulties. His ploughmen shall again *whistle* at their ploughs; his weavers shall *dance* at their looms; and his watermen shall give him *three cheers* from their boats.

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### STRICTURES

ON THE VERSIFICATION AND SENTIMENT OF

MODERN POETRY.

IN presuming to intrude my remarks upon the Public on a subject on which I have already written two papers, I feel some apology necessary. To correct the literary

literary taste of a nation, and point out the prevailing defects of the poetical compositions of the present day, appears an Herculean task, suited only to the strength of those whose transcendent abilities qualify them to become the regulators of science, and will, perhaps, be deemed a Quixotic attempt in one of the most inexperienced votaries of the muses. But while I venture to make a few superficial observations upon the state of poetical studies in this country, I must beg leave utterly to disclaim the ambitious design of assuming the character of a dictator; it is in literary pursuits, as in the transactions of common life, we may be capable of detecting, and justified in censuring the defects of those whose general excellencies we may in vain endeavour to imitate.

Though it must be confessed, that the art of forming lines composed of measured syllables, and ending in correspondent sounds, cannot be considered in itself as forming any part of poetry, yet it is a necessary addition to it. The same ideas which would gain admiration if expressed in verse, would sound stiff and bombastic in prose. Much, however, as the "imposing harmony" of numbers is calculated to increase the pleasures produced by the loftiest flights of imagination, or the most refined delicacies of language, there is one inconvenience attending all regular versification, and which cannot be avoided. The delight produced by it is of a nature totally distinct from that arising from the intrinsic excellencies of the poetry. A regular accentuation, and a succession of similar sounds, cannot give additional pathos to an empasioned sentiment, poignancy to a brilliant sally of wit, or brightness to the lively scenes of a creative fancy; such a delight therefore arises wholly from the lines being so constructed as to fall upon the ear in mellifluous and agreeable sounds; it is derived from mechanical causes, and its pleasures are merely sensual. It is seldom that the construction of verses will be made to correspond with the subject, and therefore the constant recurrence of the same regular cadence in every line will



will cloy the ear, especially in long poems, and instead of giving energy to the expressions, would in some degree lessen their force, by producing effects similar to what are experienced in hearing an oration delivered throughout in one monotonous tone and accent which are never varied according to the sense. But as experience convinces us that this is not an evil of such importance as to induce us to sacrifice the satisfaction arising from the fascinating harmony of numbers, we should endeavour to draw a medium, by adopting such a measure for general use, as shall possess the advantages of a regular combination of sounds, and will at the same time be attended, in the least degree, with those ill consequences I have already stated. For these purposes the iambic, of which our common verse of eight syllables, and heroic measure of ten syllables, are composed, appears the best; like the smooth gliding of a gentle current, it neither disgusts by its rapidity, or harshness of sounds; while it is sufficiently melodious to delight, its accent is not so forcible as to prevent that emphasis which the nature of the subject demands being adopted. Hence, perhaps, it will be found that poetry composed in this measure will admit of a greater variety of tones and expression, and a more pathetic and energetic mode of delivery in recitation than any other. Another advantage is, that lines which are chiefly formed of iambic feet, admit of more numerous combinations and pauses than other measures; hence the ear is not cloyed by the continual return of the same regular cadence, and the ingenious versifier will meet with frequent opportunities of suiting his verse to the subject, and making the sound the echo of the sense.

There is another measure which, from the example of some eminent writers of the present day, has become very fashionable, this is the anapestick, consisting of feet of three syllables, and is that in which Pasquin wrote his *Children of Thespis*. This species of versification, from the rapidity of its motion, and the unvarying jingle  
of

of its numbers, does not appear suited to a poem of any length, though its liveliness may please in a short one. But, from the causes just stated, the attention is apt to be drawn off from the sense to the sound, and the effect of many passages, especially those of a tender or energetic kind, is thereby considerably diminished; this will appear obvious from hearing a passage in this measure recited; though the reader may possess the most delicate sensibility, or the nicest discriminative taste, he can introduce but few of the graces of delivery; those tones and accents which are useful in heightening the pathos of forcible and lively conceptions, can seldom be used without injuring the harmony of the line. There is a kind of poetical composition, or rather a medley of all kinds put together, to which most writers, who have been successful in their literary attempts, aspire; this is the irregular lyric, by many, falsely, called the Pindaric ode. Alas, how futile is their ambition! the daring sublimity, the rapture, the melody of the Theban lyre is lost; nought is retained but its whimsicality. Perhaps convenience is what induces many to adopt this licentious mode of writing: a line of ten syllables may not admit of an easy formation, in some instances; one therefore of six or eight is made to answer the purpose; a rhyme may not readily present itself to their minds to enable them to complete the couplet; its introduction is therefore deferred till the third or fourth, or perhaps the ninth or tenth line from that to which it corresponds. Indeed, there are few appear to understand the true design of this irregular mode of writing, but imagine that an emancipation from the ordinary rules of criticism is only to enable them to write with more ease and facility, though it must be confessed that uniformity in regard to the numbers and quantity of our lines, as far as it respects its pleasing influence on the ear, is an advantage which ought not to be sacrificed without necessity. Whenever, therefore, this loose method of writing is adopted, the author ought to be actuated by motives of a more important

portant nature than those of mere caprice or convenience. His true intention should be to give additional force and pathos to his ideas, by suiting his harmony to his expressions through all the varying transitions of his poem; perhaps Dryden's celebrated Odes on Cecilia's-day, are the finest instances extant, either in our own or any language, of this suitability of the verse to the subject. A great deal of that enthusiasm which runs through them, and which alternately rouses the soul to joy, inflames it with rage, or melts it into tenderness and love, arises from its ingenious modulations.

There is one remark which may be deduced from the foregoing, which is, that great attention should be paid to the subject in this species of writing; as only those which admit of such images as are calculated to delight, surprise, and terrify the imagination, and of such expressions as will excite the keenest and most lively sensations of the soul, will be found properly adapted for the purpose. Added to this, the mind should be variously affected by a rapid change of scenery, or by its different passions being influenced by frequent and even abrupt transitions, otherwise the same versification that is suited to one part will be suited to the whole. For want of attention to these considerations the greatest absurdities are committed; pastoral, satyrical, political, religious and moral poetry, are frequently written with all the licentiousness of unauthorized and unmeaning irregularity; though such compositions must necessarily be destitute of the wild enthusiasm of the sublime lyric ode, and often, through the inability of the author, sink into the most jejune inanity of style. Similar remarks to those above may be made on the monody, or irregular elegy: that kind of grief which is of a calm and settled nature, as best expressed by the common elegiac measure of alternate tens; but when, from the death of a mistress, a near relation, or friend, or other causes, the mind is supposed to be overwhelmed by the poignancy of its sufferings, and no longer able to retain a command of its faculties; but

vents

vents itself in unavailing complaints, and broken exclamations; sorrows of so exquisite a nature are best expressed by

“ A solemn, strange, and mindful air,  
'Tis sad by fits, by starts 'tis wild.”

Perhaps it may be considered that an enquiry into the *sentiments* that characterize modern poetry is more suited to a moral, than a critical dissertation. But the importance of such an enquiry will, I trust, prove an excuse for its being here attempted. The most prevailing characteristic of the generality of compositions in verse, is a romantic affectation of sensibility: the writer, disgusted with the dull uniformity of the ordinary transactions of life, and with the grossness and vulgarity that pervade the opinions and manners of ordinary mortals, retires, or at least is supposed to retire, from the bustle of public life to some rural solitude, where he can be at liberty to indulge certain reflections, and enjoy certain refined delicacies of sensation, which can only be known to hearts of the finest texture. In such a situation every surrounding object of nature, the departing glories of the setting sun, the milder radiance of the moon glimmering through the trees, the plaintive notes of the nightingale, and even the murmurs of the western breeze, all conspire to soothe his mind, and dissolve it into tenderness! Under such circumstances the soul delights to indulge mournful ideas. Some afflictive occurrence of his life, the anguish he once felt when the hopes of ardent affection were blasted, the loss of some near relative, or faithful friend, who was the constant participator of his youthful joys and sorrows, or perhaps some generous sympathising reflections upon the miseries of others, tend to throw a shade over the scenes which an active fancy may pourtray, and involve him in that pleasing melancholy with which a delicate mind is so well acquainted; though it is, in its nature and effects, a paradox which the deepest enquirers into human nature can-

not

not explain. Under the influence of these sensations he vents his complaints in sonnets, or other trifling effusions, which appear to be produced by a great refinement of sentiment, and an acute sensibility, rather than by a vigorous and lively imagination. It is far from my intention to condemn, or deride such emotions, which I am convinced constitute some of the most amiable feelings of our nature. Yet it ought to be the object of consideration, whether the excessive indulgence of such a romantic pensiveness of temper may not tend to undermine the noblest energies of the soul, and render those who continually delight in the luxury of sighs and tears, a kind of mental valetudinarians, unfit to perform the common duties of life, and incapable of bearing its most ordinary calamities?

But there is another fault too prevalent in the sentiments of modern poetry, that is an unmanly despondence, and peevish querulousness, which often pervade the compositions of many of our writers. It is not the privilege of genius to be exempt from misfortune, but they appear to deem it their privilege to trouble the Public with their complaints, forgetting that such a kind of writing is the least calculated to gain attention, or to afford delight. They may indeed sometimes produce a transient tear of sympathy; but if their subjects are always of a local and personal nature, and continually involved in the same cheerless gloom, they must fail to interest, and their readers will at length turn with a listless disgust from their productions, to those that are better calculated to amuse and instruct. But their complaints are often attended with reflections that are irreligious and unphilosophical; that are calculated to destroy hope, enervate exertion, and render others as well as themselves the victims of pining discontent; they paint life in the most sombre colours, and represent man as being formed by his Maker merely for misery and disappointment, without reflecting that the afflictions which the virtuous are doomed to bear are designed by

the benevolent Author of our existence to exercise patience, strengthen fortitude, and purify them from vice; they consider rationality as their curse, rather than their privilege and glory, and wish, or at least pretend to wish, that they could exchange all their attainments in knowledge for the dull insensibility and mental vacuity of the ignorant rustic. Nay, the poor lunatic has been the object of envy to some of our modern melancholics, because he has lost those powers of reflection which are the greatest burden they sustain! This life is not considered by them as a probationary state designed to prepare us for a more perfect and exalted existence, and if ever the prospect of death affords them comfort, it is not because they regard it as a dark avenue leading to scenes of inconceivable brightness; they consider it merely as the

..... "tranquil shore,  
Where the pale spectre Care shall haunt no more."

It is indeed an event they profess ardently to wish for; but the greatest advantage they expect from it, is to lose the sense of misery in utter forgetfulness. How degrading is it for true genius to employ itself in such a manner! If a writer is blest with a lively fancy, he ought to endeavour to soothe his own woes, as well as divert those of others, by leading them to wander with him in an elysium of his own creation; and not increase the real evils of life by conjuring up scenes of fictitious horror. If he is distinguished by a more than ordinary refinement of sentiment, or by an elegance of style in writing, he ought to display his superiority in a better manner than merely by expressing himself with a more gloomy eloquence than that of which others are capable.

JOHN JAMES PEAT.

LEADING

LEADING TRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS,  
WITH ANECDOTES;  
*Or Helps for the Biographic Historian.*

BY A FRIEND OF THE VISITOR,

*Long conversant in the Circles of Fashion and Literature.*

[Continued from page 158]

THE BEAUTIFUL AND CELEBRATED DUCHESS.

THIS Lady, so highly distinguished by rank, beauty, and accomplishments, is one of the most amiable and worthy mothers in the kingdom. Her Grace has always been in the true motherly habit of suckling her own children, to sustain the necessary waste of which, she never scruples to refresh herself with a draught from a tankard of wholesome English beverage, any more than the mothers of lower degree. But however domesticated, her Grace must sometimes play; and that unfortunately seldom failed to bring on an embarrassment for ready cash, notwithstanding the large income of the player. During such streights, her Grace, in former times, that is to say, those of youth and indiscretion, has not unfrequently condescended to deal in silks, by disposing of her imports to the mercers in town, for ready money.

On a certain very pressing occasion, every other resource failing, it was determined to apply to one of those monied men who so liberally offer, through the medium of the public papers, their assistance to such as stand in need of it. Accordingly one of these secretaries of the god Plutus was sent for (who at the very mention of the name and rank of the applicant blessed his stars) and introduced to my Lady Duchess. The fellow, who was

an Hibernian of the first cut, behaved himself gallantly, *comme il faut* ; at the same time, with the most profound respect, and with a very well executed impression of business on his countenance. "Mr.—, you supply people of rank who are in want of money, don't you?" "I am in the constant habit of enjoying that honour, madam." "Why then, I must have fifteen hundred pounds immediately ; but the business must be so contrived, that it may never come to the Duke's ears, a thing I would not have happen for twenty times the sum." "O ! dear, your Grace," replied Mr. Secretary, making a most profound reverence, "secrecy is the very essence of our profession ; your Grace need not bestow one single thought on that part of the subject." "Well, sir, in what manner must the affair be conducted, I suppose I must give you my note?" "O ! yes, and please your Grace, you are perfectly right, madam ; only in mere compliance with the usual forms of business, with the simple addition of having another name joined with that of your Grace—any body's, madam, for form sake, that of your Grace's steward, for instance." The steward was in consequence immediately summoned, and when made privy to the secret, was instantly seized with an ague fit. Being a prudent man, and fully comprehending the nature and drift of the transaction, he positively declined taking any share in it, urging, by way of apology to her Grace, that should it come to the Duke's ear, he should be discharged the service, and ruined for ever. But the Duchess assuming her full share of the privilege of high rank, which is to be exempt from the disgrace of advice or controul, threw herself into some of the most sublime aristocratic airs, which did not by any means exhibit her beautiful features to advantage. In vain did this faithful servant remonstrate even with tears in his eyes :—Her Grace commanded—Mr. Scrivener assumed airs of monied consequence, and in the end the poor steward, fairly beaten by such fearful odds, was under the necessity of compliance. The money-lender, tickled to the  
very



very midriff, folded up the steward's drafts upon his noble mistress, most curiously, in an elegant embroidered pocket-book, which he always carried for such occasions, and with a countenance expressive of as much inward satisfaction, as of outward respect, took his leave of her Grace; promising to *step back again*, in less than an hour, with the cash. But whether his dancing-master had never taught him this *backward step*, or whether or not his memory might fail him, in the great pressure of business, or whatever might be the reason, he certainly never returned again to trouble her Grace; but only having just a recollection of the time when the bill became due, he very complaisantly took the trouble to send it to the Duke for payment, which he obtained; and it is supposed there the business ended. (*Related by her Grace.*)

This little history of a bill of exchange (strictly true in every particular, since it came from such authority,) is by no means inserted with a malevolent view, or with intent to give offence; but rather from the hope that it may excite a smile, and give a useful caution to those ladies of exalted rank, and fair character, who may be unwarily drawn in by the rapid vortex of fashion, to the commission of little ridiculous peccadilloes, derogatory to that high degree of estimation in which they ought to stand in the opinion of their country. In these ticklish times, *when rank and privilege are about to be assailed on all sides, throughout Europe*, it surely behoves the possessors of such distinctions to be doubly circumspect in their conduct, that they may afford their vigilant enemies no needless advantage.

(*To be continued.*)

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF THE  
LATE MARY WOOLLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "*A Vindication of the Rights of Women.*"

CAREFULLY SELECTED

FROM HER VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS,

*For the Entertainment and Instruction of the rising Generation.*

(Continued from page 173.)

(From the CAVE of FANCY).

CAVE OF FANCY.

IN a sequestered valley, surrounded by rocky mountains that intercepted many of the passing clouds, though sun-beams variegated their ample sides, lived a Sage, to whom nature had unlocked her most hidden secrets. His hollow eyes, sunk in their orbits, retired from the view of vulgar objects, and turned inwards overleaped the boundary prescribed to human knowledge. Intense thinking, during fourscore and ten years, had whitened the scattered locks of his head, which, like the summit of the distant mountain, appeared to be bound by an eternal frost.

On the sandy waste behind the mountains the track of ferocious beasts might be traced, and sometimes the mangled limbs which they left, attracted a hovering flight of birds of prey. An extensive wood the Sage had forced to rear its head in a soil by no means congenial, the firm trunks of the trees seem to frown with defiance on time; though the spoils of innumerable summers covered the roots which resembled fangs; so closely did they cling to the unfriendly sand, where serpents hissed,  
and

and snakes rolling out their vast folds, inhaled the noxious vapours. The ravens and owls who inhabited the solitude gave also a thicker gloom to the everlasting twilight, and the croaking of the former, a monotony in unison with the gloom; whilst lions and tygers shunning even this faint semblance of day, sought the dark cavern, and at night when they shook off sleep, their roaring would make the whole valley resound, confounded with the screechings of the bird of night.

One mountain rose sublime towering above all, on the craggy sides of which a few sea weeds grew, washed by the ocean that with tumultuous roar rushed to assault, and even to undermine the huge barrier that stopped its progress; and ever and anon a ponderous mass loosened from the cliff to which it scarcely seemed to adhere, always threatening to fall, fell into the flood, rebounding as it fell, and the sound was re-echoed from rock to rock. Look where you would, all was without form, as if nature suddenly stopping her hand had left chaos a retreat.

Closed to the most remote side of it was the Sage's abode. It was a rude hut, formed of stumps of trees and matted twigs to secure him from the inclemency of the weather; only through apertures crossed with rushes the wind entered with wild murmurs modulated by these obstructions. A clear spring broke out of the middle of the adjacent rock which, dropping slowly into a cavity it had hallowed, soon overflowed, and then ran struggling to free itself from the cumbrous fragments till it become a deep silent stream; it escaped through reeds and roots of trees, whose blasted tops overhung and darkened the current.

One side of the hut was supported by the rock, and at midnight, when the Sage struck the inclosed part, it yawned wide, and admitted him into a cavern in the very bowels of the earth, where human foot never before had trod; and the various spirits which inhabit the different regions of nature were here obedient to his potent

potent word. The cavern had been formed by the great inundation of waters when the approach of a comet forced them from their source; then, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, a stream rushed out of the centre of the earth where the spirits who had lived on it are confined, to purify themselves from the dross contracted in their first stage of existence; and it flowed in black waves for ever bubbling along the cave, the extent of which had never been explored. From the sides and top water distilled, and petrifying as it fell, took fantastic shapes that soon divided it into apartments, if so they might be called. In the foam a wearied spirit would sometimes arise to catch the most distant glimpse of light, or to taste the vagrant breeze which the yawning of the rock admitted, when Sagestus, for that was the name of the sage, entered. Some who were refined and almost cleared from vicious spots, he would allow to leave for a limited time their dark prison house; and flying on the winds across the bleak northern ocean, or rising in an exhalation till they reached a sun-beam, they thus revisited the haunts of men. These were the guardian angels who in soft whispers restrain the vicious, and animate the wavering wretch who stands suspended between virtue and vice.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

Sagestus had spent a night in the cavern, as he often did, and he left the silent vestibule of the grave just as the sun, emerging from the ocean, dispersed the clouds which were not half so dense as those he had left. All that was human in him rejoiced at the sight of receiving life, and he viewed with pleasure the mounting sap rising to expand the herbs which grew spontaneously in this wild; when turning his eyes towards the sea, he found that death had been at work during his absence, and terrific marks of a furious storm still spread horror around. Though the day was serene, and threw bright rays on eyes for ever shut, it dawned not for the

wretches

wretches who hung pendent on the craggy rocks, or were stretched lifeless on the sand. Some struggling had dug themselves a grave; others had resigned their breath before the impetuous surge whirled them on shore. A few in whom the vital spark was not so soon dislodged had clung to loose fragments; it was the grasp of death; embracing the stone they stiffened, and the head no longer erect rested on the mass which the arms encircled. It felt not the agonizing gripe, nor heard the sigh that broke the heart in twain.

Resting his chin on an oaken club, the Sage looked round on every side to see if he could discern any who yet breathed. He drew nearer, and thought he saw at the first glance the unclosed eyes glare; but soon perceived that they were mere glassy substance, mute as the tongue, the jaws were fallen, and in some of the tangled locks hands were clinched, nay, even the nails had entered, sharpened by despair. The blood flew rapidly to his heart; it was flesh; he felt he was still a man, and the big tear paced down his iron cheeks, whose muscles had not for a long time been relaxed by such humane emotions. A moment he breathed quick, then heaved a sigh, and his wonted calm returned with an accustomed glow of tenderness, for the ways of heaven were not hid from him; he lifted up his eyes to the common Father of Nature, and all was as still in his bosom as the smooth deep after having closed over the huge vessel, from which the wretched had fled.

#### ON HER LOVER'S DEATH.

At the close of a summer's day I wandered with careless steps over a pathless common; various anxieties had rendered the hours which the sun had enlightened heavy; sober evening came on; I wished to still "my mind, and woo lone quiet in her silent walk." The scene accorded with my feelings; it was wild and grand; and the spreading twilight had almost confounded the distant sea with the barren blue hills that melted from my sight.

I sat

I sat down on a rising ground, the rays of the departing sun illumed the horizon, but so indistinctly that I anticipated their total extinction. The death of nature led me to a still more interesting subject that came home to my bosom, the death of him I loved. A village bell was tolling; I listened, and thought of the moment when I heard his interrupted breath, and felt the agonizing fear that the same sound would never more reach my ears, and that the intelligence glanced from my eyes would no more be felt. The spoiler had seized his prey; the sun was fled, what was this world to me! I wandered to another where death and darkness could not enter. I pursued the sun beyond the mountains, and the soul escaped from this vale of tears. My reflections were tinged with melancholy, but they were sublime. I grasped a mighty whole, and smiled on the king of terrors; the tie which bound me to my friends he could not break, the same mysterious knot united me to the source of all goodness and happiness. I had seen the divinity reflected in the face I loved; I had read immortal characters displayed on a human countenance, and forgot myself whilst I gazed. I could not think of immortality without reflecting on the ecstasy I felt when my heart first whispered to me that I was beloved, and again did I feel the sacred tie of mutual affection; fervently I prayed to the Father of Mercies, and rejoiced that he could see every turn of a heart whose movements I could not perfectly understand. My passion seemed a pledge of immortality. I did not wish to hide it from the all-searching eye of heaven. Where indeed could I go from his presence? and whilst it was dear to me, though darkness might reign during the night of life, joy would come when I awoke to life everlasting!

I now turned my step towards home, when the appearance of a girl who stood weeping on the common, attracted my attention. I accosted her, and soon heard her simple tale, that her father was gone to sea, and her mother sick in bed. I followed her to their little dwelling,

ling, and relieved the sick wretch. I then again sought my own abode, but death did not now haunt my fancy. Contriving to give the poor creature I had left more effectual relief, I reached my own garden-gate and rested on it. Recollecting the turns of my mind during the walk, I exclaimed—surely life may thus be enlivened by active benevolence, and the sleep of death like that I am now disposed to fall into may be sweet !

My life was now unmasked by an extraordinary change, and a few days ago I entered this cavern ; for through it every mortal must pass ; and here I have discovered that I neglected my opportunities of being useful whilst I fostered a devouring flame. Remorse has not reached me because I firmly adhered to my principles, and I have also discovered that I saw through a false medium. Worthy as the mortal was I adored, I should not long have loved him with the ardour I did had fate united us, and broken the delusion the imagination so artfully wove. His virtues, as they now do, extorted my esteem ; but HE who formed the human soul only can fill it, and the chief happiness of an immortal being must arise from the same source as its existence. Earthly love leads to heavenly, and prepares for a more exalted state, if it does not change its nature and destroy itself by trampling on the virtue that constitutes its essence, and allies us to the DEITY.

*(From the History of the FRENCH REVOLUTION).*

#### A VISIT TO VERSAILLES, AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

How silent is now Versailles ! The solitary foot that mounts the sumptuous stair-case rests on each landing-place, whilst the eye traverses the void almost expecting to see the strong images of fancy burst into life. The train of the Louis's, like the posterity of the Banquo's, pass in solemn sadness, pointing at the nothingness of grandeur fading away on the cold canvas which covers the

the nakedness of the spacious walls, whilst the gloominess of the atmosphere gives a deeper shade to the gigantic figures that seem to be sinking into the embraces of death.

Warily entering the endless apartments half shut up, the fleeting shadow of the pensive wanderer reflected in long glasses, that vainly gleamed in every direction, slackened the nerves without appalling the heart; though lascivious pictures, in which grace varnishes voluptuousness, no longer seductive strike continually home to the bosom the melancholy moral that anticipates the frozen lesson of experience. The very air is chill, seeming to clog the breath, and the wasting dampness of destruction appears to be stealing into the vast pile on every side.

The oppressed heart seeks for relief in the garden, but even there the same images glide along the wide neglected walks; all is fearfully still, and if a little rill creeping through the gathering moss down the cascade over which it used to rush, bring to mind the description of the grand water works, it is only to excite a languid smile at the futile attempt to equal nature.

Lo! this was the palace of the great king! The abode of magnificence! Who has broken the charm? Why does it now inspire only pity? Why; because nature smiling around presents to the imagination materials to build farms and hospitable mansions, where without raising idle admiration, that gladness will reign which opens the heart to benevolence, and that industry which renders innocent pleasure sweet.

Weeping, scarcely conscious that I weep—O France! over the vestiges of thy former oppression; which separating man from man with a fence of iron, sophisticated all, and made many completely wretched; I tremble lest I should meet some unfortunate being fleeing from the despotism of licentious freedom, hearing the snap of the *guillotine* at his heels; merely because he was once noble, or has afforded an asylum to those whose only crime is their name, and if my pen almost bound  
with



with eagerness to record the day that levelled the Bastille with the dust, making the towers of despair tremble to their base; the recollection that still the abbey is appropriated to hold the victims of revenge and suspicion palsies the hand that would fain do justice to the assault which tumbled into heaps of ruins walls that seemed to mock the resistless force of time. Down fell the temple of despotism, but despotism has not been buried in its ruins! Unhappy country! when will thy children cease to tear thy bosom? When will a change of opinion, producing a change of morals, render thee truly free? When will truth give life to real magnanimity, and justice place equality on a stable seat? When will thy sons trust because they deserve to be trusted; and private virtue become the guarantee of patriotism? Ah! when will thy government become the most perfect, because thy citizens are the most virtuous!

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## ON THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT,

IN THE

FORMATION OF THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

**H**ABIT is a principle of universal influence. It is produced not only by repeated actions, but also by repeated thoughts, affections, and states of mind. As ideas, which have been once or repeatedly introduced, recur by means of association with other ideas, so entire states of mind, consisting of a great number of ideas in miniature, united into one general internal feeling, recur with more frequency and permanency by means of various associations. Thus the mental habits are formed, increased, and perpetuated. The period from infancy to maturity may be considered as that in which the mental powers are forming. From maturity to that period in which the human frame attains its utmost strength and stability, they may be considered as

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fixing or attaining their utmost force and permanence. The leading features of the character will then be strongly marked, and whether the cast be either virtuous or vicious, it will be wrought into the whole mental constitution. Vicious habits will be grown so obstinate, that no material sudden change can be effected in them, except indeed by some violent effort which, shocks and debilitates the whole frame. Virtuous ones will have acquired their utmost stability and vigour, the enthusiasm of which is gradually chastened, and their sensuality purified by the grave meditations of declining age.

We shall first consider the influence of parental instruction and example upon the minds of children. It is a general fact, (though not without some striking exceptions) that those who have been blessed with pious and virtuous parents, experience the good effects of it through the whole course of their lives. The example and instructions of the parents being daily and perpetually exhibited to the children during their earliest years, leave such an indelible impression on their minds as can never afterwards be effaced. That affectionate concern and assiduous attention which characterize the conduct of virtuous parents toward their children, begets a gratitude and ardour of affection in their young minds which can scarce ever forsake them. Toward all persons and all objects the genial affection is extended in different degrees, and with different modulations, according to the relations of persons and the nature of objects. Filial affection, when cultivated in its due ardour and purity, will ascend by a most easy and natural transition to the universal parent! It will be extended toward relations, acquaintance, and even strangers, with a sincerity and delicacy which distinguish an affectionate mind. It will survey the brute creation with an humane benevolence, which can be better conceived than expressed. Even inanimate objects will sometimes attract the overflowings of affection, and become the means of exciting gratitude and admiration, and of fulfilling the designs

designs of kindness and benevolence, which are sometimes transferred to the objects themselves.

Such is the influence of parental example and instruction (especially where the mutual attachment has been great), that the very shades of character and of disposition in parents are often observable in their children. Affectionate parents, provided their affection does not degenerate into a foolish fondness on the one hand, nor into an unseasonable austerity on the other, have generally affectionate children. But the children of those who are deficient in affection are generally no less remarkable for a cold, unfeeling hardness of temper. Affection, and the want of it, being the two great characteristics which distinguish good and bad parents, are of the most general influence in forming correspondent dispositions in their children.

But there are several other moral qualities which probably, in proportion to the degree of attachment between parents and their children, have a powerful influence in forming their characters. The love of money, in particular, as it has often so powerful an effect on the minds of individuals, so it is often entailed on their descendants. Sometimes, indeed, the real or suspected avarice of the parent may have a contrary effect upon the son, impelling him, through prejudice and disgust, into the contrary extreme of prodigality. But where there is any considerable degree of reverence and affection (the contrary of which may be a still more radical evil), the immoral taint can scarcely avoid extending its unamiable influence over the young and tender mind. Avarice, indeed, is very discordant with the generous ardour of youth, and therefore it not unfrequently gives rise to a prejudice and coldness of affection toward the parent, which terminates in some opposite vice. Originating in the considerate care and anxiety of advancing age, and being often augmented by increasing gain, and apprehension of loss, it is afterwards inculcated by example and precept upon the young mind. As soon as

the intellect can comprehend the dull doctrine, and the generous spirit submits to its restraints, it is industriously instilled ! Ensamples of the sordid spirit are daily exhibited ; the lessons of avarice, under the more decent garb of prudence, are perpetually inculcated ; till at length, to *gain*, and to *keep*, become the objects towards which the mind and the affections are continually directed. Thus the generous emotions to which they are opposed are almost overwhelmed, and gradually disappear !

Parents generally impart a considerable degree of their own peculiar genius and disposition to the minds of their children. A man of scientific and enlarged mind, who is at the same time an affectionate and assiduous parent or instructor, sows the seeds of science and refinement in their young minds. This he does, not only by expressly assuming the office of a teacher, but by the usual turn of his conversation, in which, accommodating himself to their respective capacities, he endeavours with an engaging manner to combine entertainment and useful instruction. The knowledge which is imparted in this way frequently makes the deepest and best impression ; being often a seasonable gratification of youthful curiosity delivered with a freedom from the stiffness and austerity of obligation.

The importance of early connections is well known. The characters of seniors among relatives, must of course have, in a degree, a similar influence on the minds of young persons with that of their parents. But it is probable that their younger relations and acquaintance, with whom they associate as companions, may influence their dispositions still more. Where there are strong attachments of long continuance, there is almost universally a resemblance in disposition and manners. They are continually entering into each other's views, wishes, and dislikes ; engaging in some pursuits about which they are similarly affected. The participation of each other's feelings, so far as they are innocent, have a very salutary influence by producing that mutual good humour and affection,

fection, which by being improved and extended, becomes the source of pure and enlarged benevolence. It is observable, however, that children are capable of only a superficial acquaintance with each other's sentiments, and cannot enter into them with that minuteness which is incident to persons of more advanced experience. This, perhaps, occasions that general resemblance of disposition, with many particular differences, which is so often observable in persons of the same family.

The profession of life in which young persons are engaged also, must undoubtedly have a very considerable influence on the general character. Those daily pursuits which occupy the chief attention of youth during a course of years, must not only cause an aptitude and facility in those particular pursuits, but must give a peculiar turn to the genius and temper. Those occupations which are most liberal and useful, are certainly to be preferred, as promotive of a liberal and benevolent spirit. Next to the more liberal and useful professions, those which occupy the least time and attention are, perhaps, on some accounts to be preferred. There are, however, advantages and disadvantages attending most professions, even with respect to the main end of life, which is the formation of a virtuous character. Even the liberal arts and sciences, which are the immediate avenues to knowledge and refinement, too often occasion a mixture of ostentation and vanity, which, however, should be prevented by the superior wisdom, and which it is their object to instil. Those occupations which may be considered as the more immediately useful, such as the employments of agriculture, are perhaps, in general, those which occupy the least time and attention; but on that account may occasion a listless inactivity of mind, which, if not corrected by some hours of close application, may introduce an habitual dulness and insensibility. Those occupations which engross the attention entirely, sometimes with a continual hurry of thought, occasion a quick but superficial turn of thinking, which requires correction

from some hours of recreation, for deliberate reflection and reading.

Thus have I attempted to enumerate some of the more immediate causes which contribute to the formation of the human character. Still far is the important subject from being exhausted. I may therefore resume it in some future Number of this Miscellany, which is happily devoted to the instruction and entertainment of the rising generation. P.

OF THE ANCIENT STATE  
OF THE NATIVES OF KAMTSCHATKA.

(From the History of that Country.)

**B**EFORE the Russian conquest they lived in perfect freedom, having no chief, being subject to no law, nor paying any taxes; the old men, or those who are remarkable for their bravery, bearing the principal authority in their villages, though none had any right to command or inflict punishment. Although in outward appearance they resemble the other inhabitants of Siberia, yet the Kamtschadales differ in this, that their faces are not so long as the other Siberians, their cheeks stand more out, their teeth are thick, their mouth large, their stature middling, and their shoulders broad, particularly those people who inhabit the sea-coast.

Their manner of living is slovenly to the last degree; they never wash their hands nor face, nor cut their nails; they eat out of the same dish with the dogs, which they never wash; every thing about them stinks of fish; they never comb their heads, but both men and women plait their hair in two locks, binding the ends with small ropes; when any hair starts out, they sow it with threads to make it lie close; by this means they have such a quantity of lice that they can scrape them off by handfuls, and they are nasty enough even to eat them. Those that have not natural hair sufficient wear false locks, sometimes as much as weigh ten pounds, which makes their heads look like a haycock.

They

They have extraordinary notions of God, of sins, and good actions. Their chief happiness consists in idleness and satisfying their natural lusts and appetites; these incline them to singing, dancing, and relating of love stories. Their greatest unhappiness or trouble is the want of these amusements: they shun this by all methods, even at the hazard of their lives, for they think it more eligible to die than to lead a life that is disagreeable to them; which opinion frequently leads them to self-murder. This was so common after the conquest, that the Russians had great difficulty to put a stop to it. They are chiefly employed in providing what is absolutely necessary for the present, and take no care for the future. They have no notion of riches, fame, or honour; therefore covetousness, ambition, and pride, are unknown among them. On the other hand, they are careless, lustful, and cruel: these vices occasion frequent quarrels and wars among them, sometimes with their neighbours, not from a desire of increasing their power, but from some other causes; such as carrying off their provisions, or rather their girls, which is frequently practised as the most summary method of procuring a wife.

Their trade is likewise not so much calculated for the acquisition of riches as for procuring the necessaries and conveniencies of life. They sell the Koreki fables, fox and white dog skins, dried mushrooms, or such trifles; and receive in exchange cloaths made of deer-skins and other hides: among themselves they exchange what they abound with for what they want, as dogs, boats, dishes, troughs, nets, hemp, yarn, and provisions. This kind of barter is carried on under a great shew of friendship; for when one wants any thing that another has, he goes freely to visit him, and without any ceremony makes known his wants, although perhaps he never had any acquaintance with that person before: the landlord is obliged to behave according to the custom of the country; and bringing whatever his guest has occasion for, gives it to him. He afterwards returns the visit, and must

must be received in the same manner; so that both parties have their wants supplied.

Their manners are quite rude: they never use any civil expression or salutation; never take off their caps, or salute one another; and their discourse is stupid, and betrays the most consummate ignorance; and yet they are in some degree curious, and inquisitive upon many occasions.

They have filled almost every place in heaven and earth with different spirits, which they both worship and fear more than God: they offer them sacrifices upon every occasion, and some carry little idols about them, or have them placed in their dwellings; but, with regard to God, they not only neglect to worship him; but, in case of troubles and misfortunes, they curse and blaspheme him.

They keep no account of their age, though they can count as far as one hundred; but this is so troublesome to them, that without their fingers they do not tell three. It is very diverting to see them reckon more than ten; for having reckoned the fingers of both hands they clasp them together, which signifies ten; they then begin with their toes, and count to twenty; after which they are quite confounded, and cry, Matcha? that is, Where shall I take more. They reckon ten months in the year, some of which are longer and some shorter; for they do not divide them by the changes of the moon, but by the order of particular occurrences that happen in those regions, as may be seen by the following table:

1st. Purifier of sins; for in this month they have a holiday for the purification of all their sins.—2d. Breaker of hatchets, from the great frost.—3d. Beginning of heat.—4th. Time of the long day.—5th. Preparing month.—6th. Red fish month.—7th. White fish month.—8th. Kaiko fish month.—9th. Great white fish month.—10th. Leaf falling month. This last month continues to the month of November, or that of the purification, and it is the length of almost three months; however, these names of the months are not the same every where, but

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are only proper to the inhabitants upon the river Kamtschatka: the inhabitants of the northern parts give them different names, such as,—1st. The month of the rivers freezing.—2d. Hunting month.—3d. Purifier of sins.—4th. Breaker of hatchets, from the great frost.—5th. Time of the long day.—6th. Sea beavers' puppying time.—7th. Sea calves' puppying time.—8th. Time when the tame deer bring forth their young.—9th. When their wild deer bring forth.—10th. Beginning of the fishery.

Their division of time is pretty singular; they commonly divide our year into two, so that winter is one year, and summer another; the summer year begins in May, and the winter in November.

They do not distinguish the days by any particular appellation, nor form them into weeks or months, nor yet know how many days are in the month or year. They mark their epochs by some remarkable thing or other, such as the arrival of the Russians, the great rebellion, or the first expedition to Kamtschatka. They have no writings, nor hieroglyphic figures, to preserve the memory of any thing; so that all their knowledge depends upon tradition, which soon becomes uncertain and fabulous in regard to what is long past.

They are ignorant of the causes of eclipses, but when they happen, they carry fire out of their huts, and pray the luminary eclipsed to shine as formerly. They know only three constellations; the Great Bear, the Pleiades, and the three stars in Orion; and give names only to the principal winds.

Their laws in general tend to give satisfaction to the injured person. If any one kills another, he is to be killed by the relations of the person slain. They burn the hands of people who have been frequently caught in theft, but for the first offence the thief must restore what he hath stolen, and live alone in solitude, without expecting any assistance from others. They think they can punish an undiscovered theft by burning the sinews of the stone-buck in a public meeting with great ceremonies

monies of conjuration, believing that as these sinews are contracted by the fire, so the thief will have all his limbs contracted. They never have any disputes about their land or their huts, every one having land and water more than sufficient for his wants.

Although their manner of living be most nasty, and their actions the most stupid, yet they think themselves the happiest people in the world, and look upon the Russians who are settled among them with contempt; however, this notion begins to change at present; for the old people who are confirmed in their customs, drop off; and the young ones being converted to the Christian religion, adopt the customs of the Russians, and despise the barbarity and superstition of their ancestors.

In every Ostrog, or large village, by order of his Imperial Majesty, is appointed a chief, who is sole judge in all causes, except of those of life and death; and not only these chiefs, but even the common people, have their chapels for public worship. Schools are also erected in almost every village, to which the Kamtschadales send their children with great pleasure; by this means it is to be hoped, that their barbarity will be in a short time rooted out.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE closing of *Covent Garden* and *Drury Lane* we have already announced. The *Haymarket* alone therefore now demands our attention. Little has occurred in the course of the present month worthy of notice. Such as it is, the reader will find it here detailed. *New pieces* and *new actors* are the subjects which most challenge our regard, but when any excellence appears in established performers, we are desirous of recording it. Some persons are interested in every little article of intelligence which respects the dramatical department.

The *Inquisitor*, a play in five acts, which was exhibited

bited on the 23d of June, is now published. We mentioned that its approbation on the stage was doubtful. Of its intrinsic merits, the Public have it now in their power to judge.

A little piece, entitled, *Throw Physic to Dogs*, was introduced at this Theatre at the beginning of this month; but was *damned*. Its author is not certainly known; of its merits we say nothing.

July 9th. In the *Lock and Key*, Mr. D'Arcy made his second appearance in the character of *Cheerly*. It was well sustained, and the audience were gratified by the exhibition. His voice is peculiarly pleasing, though in our opinion, still capable of amendment.

Friday, July 13th. Miss Griffith, whose *debut* we announced in our last Number, performed the part of Margaretta, in the comic opera of *No Song no Supper*, in which she gave fresh proofs not only of vocal excellence, but of versatility of talents. The song known by the name of the *Plaintive Ditty*, was sweetly sung, and met with unbounded approbation. The soul touched by such tender strains dissolves into raptures.

July 14. C. Kemble performed *Eustace de St. Pierre*, in Colman's *Siege of Calais*, with considerable ability.

July 16. Mr. Johnston, from Scotland, performed *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in the *Iron Chest*, with great applause. His discrimination of character was just and animated.

July 21. An historical play, called the *Cambro-Britons*, was performed for the first time at this Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                                |               |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Llewellyn (the prince)         | Mr. Barrymore |
| David (his brother)            | Mr. C. Kemble |
| Shenkin (a rugged mountaineer) | Mr. Munden    |
| Cadwall (his son)              | Mr. R. Palmer |
| Wynne                          | Mr. Suett     |
| Dermot (an Irishman)           | Mr. Johnstone |
| King Edward                    | Mr. Davies    |
| Hereford                       | Mr. Davenport |
| The Bard                       | Mr. Johnston  |

Elinor

Elinor . . . . . *Miss De Camp*  
 Shenkin's daughter . . . . . *Mrs. Bland*  
 Ghost of Llewellyn's mother *Mrs. Gibbs.*

The resistance of Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, in the year 1276, to the power of Edward the Third, has afforded the ground-work of the plot, though there is in many respects a deviation from historical strictness. *Llewellyn* and the *Lady Elinor de Montfort* are contracted to each other, but he finds a rival in his brother David, who flies over to the enemy. When these rivals meet to terminate their contest by the sword in an Abbey, the GHOST of Lady Ap Griffith, the mother of Llewellyn and David appears, and effects a reconciliation! This is accomplished by a speech, though some think the *ghost* should have been *silent*. Of the merits of this piece it is difficult to determine. It was acted on Monday evening with several alterations, which rendered it more acceptable. Perhaps other alterations may be made, and thus the exceptionable parts wholly expunged. We shall therefore postpone our criticisms till the next month, when we hope to lay a favourable account of it before our Readers. With its subject we are much pleased; valour in a good cause cannot fail of securing our admiration. Mr. *Boaden* is, we understand, the author of this piece. He is undoubtedly a man of ability, and when strenuous exertions are made to please, the Public should not be fastidious.

The music, composed and selected by Dr. Arne, abounds with exquisite passages, and the Irish pipes, accompanied by the Welsh harp, produced some very pleasing sensations.

#### MAIDSTONE.

*Theatricals* are here conducted with applause, by Mrs. BAKER's Company. Some Gentlemen of the town have occasionally engaged in the exhibitions of the evening. Several of them have performed their parts with spirit and ability.

THE

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*  
FOR JULY, 1798.

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ODE TO KNOWLEDGE.

**H**AIL *Knowledge!* great ennobler of the mind;  
All hail, thou dear refiner of the heart!  
Sublimest gift of heav'n to human kind,  
'Tis thine the choicest pleasures to impart.

Sweet are thy paths, bestrew'd with many a flow'r,  
And fraught with generous joy the sacred flame;  
Thine, the rich blessings of the social hour,  
And thine the charms the rugged breast to tame.

As the thick vapours of the murky night  
Recede when pierc'd by Sol's effulgent beam;  
And lovely nature ting'd with radiance bright,  
Unfolds her matchless charms with grace supreme;

E'en so, when *mental shades* the mind involve,  
And *error's* mists obscure fair reason's ray,  
'Tis thine, celestial *knowledge!* to dissolve  
The intellectual fogs—and *light* display!

To pour philanthropy o'er every breast,  
To join mankind in friendship's bond is thine;  
To bid discordant passions sink to rest,—  
*Such* the sweet impulse of thy ray benign!

Th' instructive *page* thy chaste delights unfold,  
And charm our souls in sweetly varied lays;  
'Tis there th' historic muse with pencil bold  
Pours the deeds achiev'd in ancient days.

Of empires vast the chequer'd fate we trace,  
 And mark each cause portentous of their fall;  
 Heroes and kings, a long illustrious race,  
 Prostrate behold ! at death's all-potent call.

'Tis there we rove through Homer's lofty strains,  
 The virtue of th' Athenian sage\* admire;  
 There hail the bard† sublime of Britain's plains,  
 Or glow enraptur'd with a Shakespeare's fire !

Great nature's stores to thy pervading ken,  
 In grand luxuriance, all expanded lie,  
 From fragile flowers that scent the lowly glen,  
 To the proud oak, majestic tow'ring high.

From Alpine hills bedeck'd with living snow,  
 To the dark caverns of the rocky steep;  
 From regions where the fervid lightnings glow,  
 To the dead chambers of the hoary deep.—

But not the sphere of earth's capacious plan,  
 Adventurous *knowledge*! bounds thy daring pow'r,  
 'Tis thine, with glowing breast serene to scan  
 The sparkling gems that grace the *silent* hour.

Led by thine ardent ray, sublime we soar  
 Beyond the confines of this orb terrene,  
 And with a *Herschel's* piercing gaze explore  
 The midnight grandeurs of the starry scene.

With him we range the wide ethereal space,  
 And mark the planet's vast stupendous roll;  
 Or burning comet's pathless orbit trace,—  
 Whilst awe-struck rapture swells th' astonish'd soul !

Hail, then, bright knowledge ! and for ever hail  
 That *sacred art*† by which thy blessings flow !  
 In distant ages may thy power prevail,  
 In distant climes thine heavenly ardours glow.

\* Socrates.    † Milton.    ‡ Typography.

O may no cloister'd cell thy gifts confine,  
 No rude barbarian thy mild reign destroy,  
 But as the sun may'st thou unbounded shine,  
 And o'er each realm diffuse thy halcyon joy.

Thy genuine influence waft from pole to pole,  
 Far as the breezes fly—wide as the billows roll!

Lynn, June 4, 1798.

ABRAHAM AYTON.

# STANZAS,

TO MARIA LAMENTING.

WHEN night's fable curtain envelopes the skies,  
 And the sun's cheering beams are withdrawn,  
 How dreary all nature! the traveller cries,  
 As in darkness he wanders forlorn.

But when all-refulgent, Aurora appears,  
 And Sol his bright radiance displays,  
 His heart glows with rapture, dispers'd are his fears,  
 And with transports the *change* he surveys!

Life's journey to this we may justly compare,  
 Joy and sorrow by turns intervene,  
 Whilst *hope* is the cordial that sweetens our care,  
 And the sunshine that brightens each scene.

Then if *fortune*, capricious, her smiles *now* refuse,  
 Yet cease, dear Maria, to mourn!  
 The day is approaching, perchance, when my muse  
 With gladness shall hail their return.

Let Hope, soothing goddess, be ever in view;  
 Oh, banish the spectre Despair!  
 And forget not—the hearts that are constant and true,  
 Are heaven's peculiar care!

Lynn, June 8, 1798.

A. AYTON.

## ODE TO THE ZEPHYR.

MILD spirit of the western gale,  
Should now my simple strains prevail,  
If now the muse my song inspire;  
O! from the lucid cloud-wrought sphere  
Where thou art borne, propitious hear  
The notes that wildly warble from my lyre.

Say, fairest of aerial forms,  
From winter's dire impetuous storms,  
Dost thou to heavenly mansions flee;  
Or hid'st where genii of the deep  
Their courts, in awful silence, keep  
In cavern'd depths beneath th' Atlantic sea?

For when the genial spring draws nigh  
With playful mein, mirth-glancing eye,  
Swift issuing from thy hiding place,  
As wide she spreads her blooming store  
Of floral sweets, thou hov'rest o'er,  
Gazing enamour'd on her beauteous face.

The clouds fraught with the vernal show'r,  
As marshall'd by thy magic pow'r,  
Then fring'd with lucid gold, advance,  
Ting'd with the bows refulgent dyes:  
And penfile hills romantic rise,  
Floating sublime o'er the cerule expanse.

The mimic tempest harmless raves;  
When urg'd by thee the briny waves,  
Tumultuous murm'ring, lash the strand;  
And as the foaming billow swells,  
It swift the seaman's bark impels,  
Who hails with raptur'd eye his native land.

Beneath the scorching glare of day  
As nature faints, thou speed'st thy way;  
At eve, on airy pinions borne  
All dripping with ethereal dew;  
Again her charms revive anew,  
And livelier tints th' enamell'd plains adorn.



And when the moon, with languid beams,  
O'er some sequester'd valley gleams,  
In antic sports 'tis thy delight  
To join with elfin bands, who bound  
With printless footsteps o'er the ground,  
And give to revels all the tranquil night.

Or with cherubic forms to rove  
The misty hill, or shadowy grove,  
Or lightly skim the gay parterre,  
With kisses greeting every flow'r  
That decks the meads, or mid the bow'r,  
Diffuses fragrance thro' the ambient air.

O! spirit of the western gale,  
Whene'er I tread the dewy vale,  
Or by the streamlet listless lie;  
On me thy tend'rest care employ,  
To raise my drooping frame to joy,  
With fanning wings around me often fly.

J. J. PEAT.

### ON LOVE,

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF SOME LADIES\*.

DEAR Girls, you request me to write,  
On a subject I little do know;  
But if you, *who have felt*, would indite,  
To be sure my cold bosom must glow.

There are some I have heard who declare,  
And with them I'm inclin'd to agree,  
Whether black, brown, ugly, or fair,  
Its the same—for *Love never can see*;

That its not in the delicate form,  
Or the roseate hue of the skin,  
Which in mortals should kindle the flame;  
But the MIND that's incircled within.

\* Two of the Ladies are about to be married.

The casket indeed may be mean,  
 Yet if it encloses a soul,  
 Those who find it need never complain,  
 Who feel it, would grasp at the whole.

With emotions like these I now feel,  
 A dear object so true could I find;  
 Though bashful I would not conceal,  
 And I surely must tell her my mind.

For 'tis VIRTUE alone will remain,  
 When youth and when beauty are gone;  
 To possess such a nymph I will aim,  
 And my charmer and I shall be one.

Now ladies, pray take my advice,  
 Your lover's true character scan;  
 Tho' wit, and tho' humour the senses may please,  
 'Tis the MIND that ennobles the man.

*London, July 2, 1798.*

S. S.

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### TO CYNTHIA.

"RISE, Cynthia rise," ascend thy sphere,  
 And rob'd in heav'n's transparent dye;  
 O'er this dark world thy chariot steer,  
 With mild serenity through the sky.

Courting the lone sequester'd shade,  
 Where eve may cast her pearly dew;  
 Thy orb shall o'er the tinctur'd glade  
 A thousand silvery tapers strew.

And pleas'd with thy benignant smile,  
 While stillness rules each leafy haunt;  
 In nature's gay untutor'd style,  
 Coy Philomel may breathe her chaunt.

But now scarce does the echoing vale,  
 The richness of its bloom display;  
 Nor is the warbler's simple tale,  
 Attun'd to thee in fondest lay.

And favour'd with a fable gloom,  
While blows the gale with midnight breath,  
Mourn'd shades forsake their darkling tomb,  
The agents to approaching death.

Ah! rise again, with brighten'd beam,  
On night's full wing thy radiance throw;  
Lost in expanse man's wav'ring dream,  
May shortly cease to hail thy glow.

*Manchester, 1798.*

C——.

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TO CHEERFULNESS.

**H**ASTE, bright-eyed fair one, haste away,  
From warlike camps, and ball-rooms gay;  
The iprichtly dance, the fife and drum  
Suffices there; Oh! charmer come  
From these gay scenes, and those of strife,  
And breathe in me thy breath of life.  
Then, though I liv'd in some poor cot,  
Or though a prison were my lot,  
With honour blest, and blest by thee,  
I still should happy, happy be.

*June 11, 1798.*

EDWARD.

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THE COMPLAINT.

**O**H, be it mine upon the craggy shore,  
To sit, and hear the melancholy roar  
Of the deep-sounding ocean—there my sighs  
Shall join the winds which from the far wave rise,  
With whistles, long and dreary—there my woe  
Shall groan despondance to the deep below,  
And call the tear, doom'd, ever doom'd to flow.

No more, the world's big pag'antry shall charm,  
The worm of anguish, or its fangs disarm,  
Ah! no, the sublunary pomp is mean,  
Where cold disgust embitters ev'ry scene.

Farewell for ever, gay-rob'd mirth, farewell,  
 Lo, pining Mis'ry loaths thy nectar'd spell,  
 Thy air-wrought spell, which dies when care pervades,  
 As dawn-appall'd the night-yawn'd spectre fades.  
 Then may the wretch, whose only joys were thine,  
 Awake to sigh—and foster woes like mine.  
 Ah! they admit no friendly beam to cheer,  
 Pale melancholy's spurn'd, unpity'd tear.

J. DAVIS.

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### THE LOVERS.

**B**ENEATH an oak, whose spreading boughs,  
 Hung o'er the plain and form'd a shade;  
 Two lovers lay exchanging vows,  
 Philander, and his lovely maid.

Not am'rous less than Eden's pair,  
 Soften'd by sweet embraces each;  
 Strangers to discontent and care,  
 But what love makes, their breasts could reach.

"O Sylvia," said the enraptur'd swain,  
 "When first thy form divine I view'd,  
 Transport then rush'd thro' every vein,  
 And instant love my heart subdued.

My bosom felt a flame, the effect  
 Of outward charms beyond compare;  
 But 'twas thy MIND with graces deck'd,  
 That fed the flame and fix'd it there.

Bereft of thee, all earth could give,  
 Would ne'er restore my peace of mind,  
 Possess of thee, content I'd live,  
 Live the most happy of mankind."

"Philander dear," the maid return'd,  
 When big with love her breast had sigh'd;  
 Long has my heart with passion burn'd,  
 Tho' long my constant swain I've try'd.

At every rural walk my eye  
Still thee preferr'd, no youth could move;  
The tender look, the expressive sigh,  
'Tis you, my swain, I still approve."

"If so," resum'd the exulting youth,  
"Why put we off the nuptial day?  
'Till fleeting years and passing age,  
Our relish for such bliss destroy.

Haste, then, and let connubial bands,  
Bind dearest Sylvia to my heart;  
Haste—let us join our hearts and hands,  
Which nought but death itself can part.

The blushing nymph consents to go  
With her Philander to be blest;  
The joys the two admirers know  
Are felt—but ne'er can be express'd.

## ON ETERNITY.

BY J. G.

BEING ONE OF THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS OF HIS  
YOUTHFUL MUSE.

**E**TERNITY, thou vast unfathom'd deep,  
Immenfity's twin fister! from what fource,  
From what vast fountain didst thou first derive  
Thy undiminifh'd flood? What potent voice  
Arm'd with the pow'r to form thy ample bed,  
First bade thee take thy everlasting flow  
And stream unebbing an incessant round?  
Lost in the wild intricacy of thought,  
Ah! whither would my muse transport herself?  
Ah! whither would she range in quest of thee?  
No fource hast thou, and no beginning knew,  
But self-existent in one constant sphere  
Has flow'd perpetual—time that now exists,  
Is but a spring, that will return to thee:

Gaze we thro' ages, and preceding ages,  
 'Till ages number vast infinitude !  
 Some trace of thee will still remain behind.  
 Amazing tow'r ! the more we view thy bulk  
 The more in wond'ring extacy we're lost,  
 The more obscur'd in striving to conceive thee :  
 From everlasting hath been thy domain  
 And increated, e'er those distant orbs  
 Or that fair moon, or all yon suns were made,  
 Or seas were form'd, or nature blush'd abash'd  
 When perfect from the hand of God she came ;  
 And solely sway'd thou with their matchless fire  
 The great companion of the Deity ;  
 Sway'd thou impair'd not, endless, and entire :  
 And when old Time shall, self-subdued, surcease,  
 Reign his glass, and sink to rest for ever,  
 Deck'd in immortal beauty thou shalt flourish,  
 With youthful vigor never to know an end.

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*SONNET TO THE MUSE.*

**I** EVER lov'd the muse ! her cheering rays  
 Did always seek, e'en from earliest youth  
 (Those much regretted hours of joy and truth)  
 But it was long e'er she wou'd gild my days  
 With her kind influence ; I often sought  
     In vain her airy form, cheer'd the while  
     By hopes fallacious, 'till at length a smile  
 Most sweet appear'd, gladly I caught  
 Her kind indulgence, and did strive each art  
     To woo her to these arms. But now no more  
     We part. Fortune, thy empty gifts in store  
 No longer do I court.—Oh ! cou'd I impart  
 The pleasure that each mind (thee much possess)  
 Does ever joyful feel——supremely blest.

*Hertford, June 13, 1798.*

S. W.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN CASEBOULT, JUN.  
SPITALFIELDS.

WHO DIED IN THE 21ST YEAR OF HIS AGE,  
MAY 24, 1798.

WILL not my eyes again his face behold,  
Shall I no more his modest accents hear?  
No more my hand his gen'rous hand infold,  
Ah! much-lamented youth to memory dear!

Just as his mind its opening charms display'd,  
And tend'rest parents were with hope elate,  
On him disease's baleful grasp was laid,  
Who dragg'd him trembling to death's iron gate.

Oh! savage pow'r, thou mortal foe to worth,  
Who smil'st with ghastly joy at tears of woe,  
Why the foul murd'ier dost thou leave on earth,  
The fell oppressor, or the villain low?

At morn's repast, at evening's placid meal,  
His dear-lov'd form no more his parents view,  
Nor joy, nor pain will he again reveal,  
Or smiles illumine his face, or tears bedew.

A little cell in earth's cold breast contains  
The youth enlighten'd, modest, and sincere:—  
Ev'n thus must lie ambition's proud remains,  
Tho' puerile pageantry adorn'd the bier.

Tho' humble was his lot, his heart ne'er felt,  
Remorse's scorpion sting, nor pen'ry's gripe,  
Within his soul the mildest virtues dwelt,  
And prompt his hand pale sorrow's tears to wipe.

Fame to attract him unavailing tried,  
And ev'n pleasure shew'd her charms in vain,  
For nought could lure him from his parents side,  
When led by duty to RELIGION's fane.

Who at the memory of such solid worth,  
 The tribute of a sigh would wish suppress'd?  
 But friendship's tears have moisten'd oft the earth,  
 And oft has keen regret perturb'd her breast.

Yet why should sorrow rend the feeling heart?  
 Hush ye loud sighs, ah! cease ye tears to roll,  
 The dead feel not the agonizing smart,  
 That care, and pain, and pen'ry give the soul.

Enwrapt in slumber's arms thus ALL will rest,  
 'Till the loud clarion's voice shall bid them rise;  
 Then will the pious hear the angels blest,  
 Hail kindred spirits to their native skies!

*Fort-street.*

J. S.

### LINES TO LAKENHAM,

A VILLAGE NEAR NORWICH.

AH! blissful spot, where many pleasing hours,  
 I've pass'd full happy; when my infant feet  
 Have gayly wanton'd 'mid thy sylvan bow'rs,  
 And my young heart with silent transport beat.

Oft 'neath the fol'age of thy spreading wood,  
 A cool retreat I've sought from noon-tide ray;  
 And oft have wander'd in a pensive mood,  
 When sober ev'ning clad the world in grey.

On the green margin of thy chrystal stream,  
 Full oft I've view'd the fish in sportive play;  
 While their bright scales illum'd by solar beam,  
 Gave silv'ry lustre to the wat'ry way.

'Tis thus sweet mem'ry brings thee to my view,  
 Thus paints those scenes which I when younger knew;  
 But ah! whilst noting thus the lapse of time,  
 'Twixt reason's early dawn, and manhood's prime,  
 Say what the progress which thy soul has made  
 Heav'n-ward, by truth and virtue's holy aid?

*Lynn.*

R.



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## Literary Review.

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**ENEA ITEPOENTA; Or, the Diversions of Purley. Part I.** By John Hojne Tooke, A. M. late of St. John's College, Cambridge. 4to. Second Edition. Johnson.

**G**RAMMATICAL enquiries are deemed by the learned of no inconsiderable importance. Such investigations are closely connected with the operations of the mind, and are therefore deserving of great attention. Men of the profoundest talents have scrutinized this subject with astonishing accuracy. Both in ancient and in modern times hath it exercised their genius, and occupied the greatest part of their time. This has been the case from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, down to John Horne Tooke, the author of this ingenious publication.

From the title of this performance no one could augur its contents. The truth is, that the volume contains a series of conversations respecting grammar, which are supposed to have taken place at *Purley*, a gentleman's seat, near Croydon, in Surry. Hence the origin of the name given to the work, which, however singular, possesses on this account a degree of propriety.

The contents of the volume are distributed into *ten* chapters. Chap. 1. Of the Division of Language. 2. Some Consideration of Mr. Locke's Essay. 3. Of the Parts of Speech. 4. Of the Noun. 5. Of the Article and Interjection. 6. Of the Word *THAT*. 7. Of Conjunctions. 8. Etymology of the English Conjunctions. 9. Of Prepositions. 10. Of Adverbs.

VOL. IV.

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These

These different subjects are discussed in the way of dialogue, where in the paragraphs marked *H.* Mr. Tooke himself declares his sentiments. A specimen shall be inserted taken from a part of the volume, which will express the design of the whole.

“*H.* I imagine that it is in some measure with the vehicle of our thoughts, as with the vehicle for our bodies. Necessity produced both. The first carriage for men was, no doubt, invented to transport the bodies of those who, from infirmity or otherwise, could not move themselves. But should any one, desirous of understanding the purpose and meaning of all the parts of our modern elegant carriages, attempt to explain them upon this one principle alone, viz. that they were necessary for conveyance, he would find himself wofully puzzled to account for the wheels, the seats, the springs, the blinds, the glasses, the lining, &c. Not to mention the mere ornamental parts of gilding, varnish, &c. *Abbreviations* are the *wheels*, the *wings* of Mercury. And though we might be dragged along without them, it would be with much difficulty, very heavily and tediously.

“There is nothing more admirable, nor more useful than the invention of signs: at the same time there is nothing more productive of error, when we neglect to observe their complication. Into what blunders, and consequently into what disputes and difficulties might not the excellent art of short-hand writing (practised almost exclusively by the English) lead foreign philosophers; who not knowing that we had any other alphabet, should suppose each mark to be the sign of a single sound. If they were very learned and laborious indeed, it is likely they would write as many volumes on the subject, and with as much bitterness against each other, as grammarians have done from the same sort of mistake concerning language; until perhaps it should be suggested to them that there may be not only signs of sound, but again for the sake of abbreviation signs of those signs, one under another in a continued progression.”

“*B.* I think I begin to comprehend you. You mean to say, that the errors of grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be *immediately* either the signs of things or the signs of ideas; whereas, in fact, many words are *abbreviations*

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tions employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words, and that these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated."

"H. It is my meaning."

"B. Well. We can only judge of your opinion after we have heard how you maintain it. Proceed, and strip him of his wings. They seem easy enough to be taken off; for it strikes me now after what you have said, that they are indeed put on in a peculiar manner, and do not, like those of other winged deities, make a part of his body. You have only to loose the strings from his feet and take off his cap. Come—let us see what sort of figure he will make without them."

"H. The first aim at language was to *communicate* our thoughts: the second to do it with dispatch. (I mean entirely to disregard whatever additions or alterations have been made for the sake of beauty or ornament, ease, gracefulness, or pleasure.) The difficulties and disputes concerning language have arisen almost entirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech: which, though subordinate to the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words. Words have been called *winged*; and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech could make without these inventions, but compared with the rapidity of thought they have not the smallest claim to that title. Philosophers have calculated the difference of velocity between sound and light: but who will attempt to calculate the difference between speech and thought! What wonder then that the invention of all ages should have been upon the stretch to add such wings to their conversation as might enable it, if possible, to keep pace in some measure with their minds. Hence chiefly the variety of words.

"*Abbreviations* are employed in language in three ways:

1. In terms. 2. In sorts of words. 3. In construction.—Mr. Locke's Essay is the best *guide* to the *first*: and numberless are the authors who have given particular explanations of the last. The *second* only I take for my province at present, because I believe it has hitherto escaped the proper notice of all."

To those who are conversant with grammatical learning, it is well known that various systems of grammar have obtained. The most popular for some years past, at least in this country, was the system adopted in a work entitled *Hermes*, written by James Harris, Esq. usually termed the Philosopher of Salisbury, the father of the present Lord Malmesbury. It must be remembered, that we are here speaking not of the grammar of any particular language, but of the general principles of grammar common to all languages. Mr. Harris, therefore, treating on this subject, distributes words into four classes, substantives, attributives, definitives, and connectives. He then proceeds to discuss each part with great ingenuity. So pleased was Dr. Lowth with this performance, that he pronounces it to be "the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle."

This system, however ingenious, and however admired by the learned, is combated by Mr. Tooke with great acuteness, and with a proportionable degree of severity. Our Author contends that *all* words may be resolved into two classes, either nouns or verbs. Hence considerable ingenuity is displayed in tracing the origin of words and shewing the manner by which they are connected with the two constituent classes. Here Mr. Tooke exhibits a knowledge of the Saxon language, from which, it is confessed, that we have derived many of our terms. Indeed an undertaking like the present required an intimate acquaintance with ancient tongues, and of such an acquaintance our Author seems to be possessed.

The leading principle of the whole work is, that particles or *undecidable* words, such as conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs, are the signs of other words, or merely abbreviations contrived for the dispatch of language. Mr. Tooke therefore endeavours to establish this position, that in English, and in all languages, there are only *two* sorts of words which are *necessary* for the

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communication of our thoughts, 1. NOUN, and 2. VERB.

The *conjunctions* are supposed to come from Saxon roots, being verbs used either as participles, or in the imperative mood. We give our Readers the following specimen:—

|  |  |
|--|--|
| If, the imperative of a Saxon word, to give, |  |
| An, ditto — — — — — to grant,                |  |
| Unless, - — — — — to dismiss,                |  |
| Else, — — — — — to dismiss,                  |  |
| Though, — — — — — to allow.                  |  |

Of the prepositions Mr. Tooke remarks, that of *different languages the least corrupt will have the fewest prepositions*, and in the same language the *best etymologists will acknowledge the fewest*.

His derivation of the prepositions is often very ingenious and satisfactory. Thus the preposition FROM, means merely BEGINNING, and is simply the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic noun, signifying *origin, source, author*. When we say,

Figs *came* FROM Turkey,  
Lamp *falls* FROM ceiling,  
Lamp *hangs* FROM ceiling,

the preposition bears precisely the same meaning.

Mr. Tooke remarks that *came* is a complex term for one species of motion, *falls* for another species of motion, and *hangs* is a complex term for a species of attachment. For if we have occasion to mention the COMMENCEMENT or BEGINNING of these motions, and of this attachment and the PLACE where these motions and this attachment commence or begin, it is impossible to have complex terms for *each* occasion of this sort. What more simple than to add the signs of those ideas, viz. the word BEGINNING, which will remain always the same, and the name of the place which ever varies? Thus,

Figs *came*—BEGINNING Turkey.  
Lamp *falls*—BEGINNING ceiling.  
Lamp *hangs*—BEGINNING ceiling.

That is,

Turkey, the *place* of BEGINNING to come.

Ceiling, the *place* of BEGINNING to fall.

Ceiling, the *place* of BEGINNING to hang.

FROM therefore relates to *beginning*, and refers to *time* as well as motion.

One great difference between the systems of Mr. Harris and Mr. Tooke, is their definition of these particles. The former hath defined them to be of themselves without any signification, the latter asserts, that even by themselves they have a distinct meaning. Mr. Tooke, therefore, has some curious disquisitions on the subject, with which the scholar, who has a taste for grammatical researches, will be much pleased. When the whole work is completed we shall give an ampler specimen of it to our readers. At present no full judgment could be formed. It will be best, therefore, to defer hazarding an opinion concerning it till all its parts can be contemplated. We may then discern more thoroughly the connection which subsists between these parts, and the utility of the whole. In the mean time, we must just remark, that from what we have seen of it, it appears to be entitled to the praise of a very ingenious simplicity. *Two* parts of speech are certainly less cumbersome than four or eight, or any greater number. Whatever reduces the subjects of knowledge to an easier comprehension, aids the pupil in his literary acquirements, and extends the boundaries of science.

A portion of this volume is taken up in answering some objections which were made to the work by Mr. Windham, Secretary at War, and others concerned with him in the animadversions. Mr. Pooke is very severe upon them, and in his own opinion, we doubt not, flatters himself with an entire victory. It must be acknowledged that he wields the arms of controversy with a skilful hand, and is determined that his antagonists shall feel his blows. In this contest, we are apprehensive that literary opposition is heightened by political animosity.

We

We are sorry to find that Mr. Tooke condemns the dictionary of the great lexicographer JOHNSON in such unqualified terms of severity. That it is defective, we own, for all human productions are imperfect. But that its merit is nevertheless very great, every candid man will acknowledge. Hear, however, Mr. Tooke on the subject :—

“ Johnson’s merit ought not to be denied him, but his Dictionary is the most imperfect and faulty, and the least valuable of any of his productions; and that share of merit which it possesses makes it by so much the more hurtful. I rejoice, however, that though the least valuable, he found it the most profitable, for *I could never read his preface without a tear*. And yet it must be confessed that his *Grammar* and *History*, and Dictionary of what *he calls* the English Language, are in all respects (except the bulk of the latter) most truly contemptible performances; and a reproach to the learning and industry of a nation which could receive them with the slightest approbation.”

“ Nearly one third of this Dictionary is as much the language of the Hottentots, as of the English; and it would be no difficult matter so to translate any one of the plainest and most popular numbers of the *Spectator* into the language of that Dictionary that no mere Englishman, though well read in his own language, would be able to comprehend one sentence of it.

“ It appears to be a work of labour, and yet it is, in truth, one of the most idle performances ever offered to the public; compiled by an author who possessed not one single requisite for the undertaking, and (being a publication of a set of book-sellers) owing its success to that very circumstance which alone must make it impossible that it should deserve success.”

Every one who is acquainted either with the character of Johnson, or with the contents of his Dictionary, will read the above passage with astonishment!! Yet such are Mr. Tooke’s censorial powers. Whenever he ascends the tribunal of judgment, the destruction of the culprit is determined.

This volume is dedicated, or rather inscribed, to the University of Cambridge, where, it seems, Mr. Tooke

educated. Mention is also made of Dr. Beadon, the present amiable Bishop of Gloucester. The inscription being short and curious shall be transcribed :—

“ TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

“ One of her grateful sons, who always considers acts of voluntary justice towards himself as favours, dedicates this humble offering. And particularly to her chief ornament for virtue and talents, the Rev. Doctor Beadon, Master of Jesus College.”

We believe that an intimacy hath long subsisted between these two literary characters, much to the honour and reputation of both parties. We also recollect, that when Mr. Tooke was tried for high treason, Dr. Beadon bore ample testimony to the moral character and learned pursuits of his friend. The work has for a frontispiece an elegant engraving of Mercury, the God of Wisdom.

*Appeal to the Men of Great Britain in Behalf of Women.* 5s. Johnson.

**A**MONG the various novelties of the eighteenth century, we must rank the enquiries which have been made into the nature and extent of the Rights of Women. It is a subject which has of late greatly engaged the public attention, and very different opinions have been entertained relative to this important investigation. Some of *the lords of the creation*, have raved and stormed at the presumption of female pens, while others of them have listened eagerly to the eloquence of the fair, deeming them an injured race, and wishing them the attainment of perfect liberty.

Mrs. Woolstonecraft's Rights of Women will not be soon forgotten. The indignant tone with which that celebrated female demanded justice, prejudiced many persons against her production. We can, however, as-  
sure



sure our readers, that the present publication is of a different cast. The author of it is indeed a female, of ability and of spirit, but she means to give no offence, and therefore none ought to be taken. Indeed she pleads her cause well. Her language is frequently elegant, though not without diffuseness, and every page affords a display of ingenuity.

This volume is only the first part; we can therefore scarcely give our decided opinion of the work, till the whole be presented to us. For in the second volume she promises the discussion of other topics connected with her subject, and intends closing with "a recapitulation of the main subject of the appeal."

The Introduction, however, well expresses the nature and tendency of the work. We shall insert it, since it will give the reader a tolerable idea of the whole performance.

#### " INTRODUCTION.

" It may at first sight appear absurd to address the following pages in behalf of women, to the men of Great Britain; whose apparent interest it perhaps is, in common with that of all other men, that things should remain on the footing they are. But as the men of Great Britain, to whom in particular I chuse to appeal, have to their everlasting honour, always been remarkable for an ardent love of liberty, and high in their pretensions to justice with regard to themselves; it is not to be believed, if the subject of the present work were taken into their serious consideration, but that the same sentiments would be freely and generously extended to that class of beings, in whose cause I though unworthy appear. A class, upon whom the Almighty has stamped so sublime, so unequivocal marks of dignity and importance, that it is difficult to conceive why men should wish to counteract the benevolent designs of Providence in their favour; by leading in chains, too oftengalling to their sensible and tender natures, those, whom heaven having in its wisdom formed the equals, could never surely, save in its wrath, doom to be the slaves of man.

" To man then, to him alone who of all created beings challenges equality, nay more, who challenges superiority  
over

over the injured party, is this little work seriously recommended. If it were equal to the fervent wishes of the author to render it worthy of those to whom it is addressed, and of the public in general, oh how perfect? how interesting it would be! But as it is, with all its imperfections on its head, if the writer indulges no romantic hopes, neither does she suffer any abject fears. "Dans les pays de servitude, le bien des hommes est méprisé & le citoyen qui les aime y gemit & se tait. Mais dans le séjour de la liberté, on est sûr de l'estime publique si l'on travaille à leur bonheur. On vous fait gré du désir & de la tentative, même infructueuse; & c'est là que l'étranger lui même doit verser ses lumières."—In Britain then, in the favourite abode of liberty, shall a daughter of the 'sea-girt isle' tremble to appear before the tribunal of her brethren?

"No! with a cause in hand so interesting to every individual, I come forward on the contrary with confidence, and to you fathers, brothers husbands, sons, and lovers, I submit the following pages. By all those tender ties may you be led to consider of what importance it is to society, to improve the understandings, the talents, and the hearts of those, who must one way or other, ill or well, act such principal parts on the stage of life. The consequences of this attention to their improvement, however good, however happy for them, are I apprehend equally interesting for you, which I flatter myself that I shall be able to prove; if, not alarmed or disgusted by the pretensions already hinted at, you will deign to peruse the following attempt to restore female character to its dignity and independence; though I trust, neither at the expence of the peace, the happiness, or the self-importance of MAN.

"May I be permitted to introduce my defence of the female sex by that of an obscure individual, who wishes not to be thought even the anonymous circulator of opinions, which however just in themselves, might in their tendency breed animosities, where peace and mutual confidence had before been only known. The reader may smile at these consequential fears, and account the danger not very alarming; but, few indeed, and little, are the talents required, to do real and lasting mischief. I must therefore repeat it, that the fear, the possibility of doing harm, would certainly prevent me from making even my sentiments on the subject public, did not the complaints and dissatisfactions of the sexes against each other sufficiently

sufficiently prove, that they are, generally speaking, far from being on that footing, where danger is to be apprehended from reasoning on the subject; or on that footing of which thinking and rational beings may be supposed capable. And surely at a period when the pulpit, the press, and the stage, teem with reflections on the vices of the one sex, and the follies of both; it cannot be deemed impertinent nor unnecessary, to submit to candid and cool examination some simple though unacknowledged truths, which if seriously taken into consideration, might have a tendency to promote the equality, and the consequent peace and happiness of the sexes.

“ Know, however, that I come not in the garb of an Amazon, to dispute the field right or wrong; but rather in the humble attire of a petitioner, willing to submit the cause, to him who is both judge and party. Not as a fury flinging a torch of discord and revenge amongst the daughters of Eve; but as a friend and companion bearing a little taper to lead them to the paths of truth, of virtue, and of liberty. Or if it lead not to these, may it be utterly extinguished. “ If the argument here advanced appear chimerical, unfounded, or irrational; let it perish, let it be obliterated, let no memorial of it remain.”

Our Authoress complains of the excessive authority exercised by the men over the women in these words, and accompanies her complaint with a curious illustration :—

“ It is to be regretted, that the temperance and good sense shown by women, in submitting with so good a grace to injuries, which though they cannot redress, they nevertheless feel very severely; it is much to be regretted, that this temperance and good sense, is not attended with better consequences to themselves.

“ Indeed their fate in this respect is extremely hard; for every method they can attempt, to improve their situation, is equally inefficacious. Silence and submission are looked upon as proofs of acquiescence and content; and men will hardly of themselves, seek to improve a situation, with which many are apparently satisfied. On the other hand any marks of spirit, or sense of injury, or desire to better their situation, either

ther as individuals or in society, is treated not only with contempt, but abhorrence; and so far from gaining any thing by proposing reasonable and equitable terms for themselves in either case, the generality of men are enraged at the attempt; and would upon these occasions think it no crime to rob the poor culprits, of the wretched, ill understood, and worse enforced rights that remain to them.

“ The following little story, illustrates well the progress of lawless authority; and is applicable enough to our subject.

“ A brother and sister were one day going to market with some eggs, and other country provisions to sell. ‘ Dear Jacky,’ said the sister, after a good deal of consideration, and not a little proud of her powers of calculation,—‘ Dear Jacky, you have somehow made a very unfair division of our eggs, of which you know it was intended that we should have equal shares; so pray give me two dozen of yours, and I shall then have as many as you have.’ ‘ No,’ says John,—‘ John Bull as likely as any other John,—that would never do; but dear, sweet, pretty sister Peg, give me one dozen of yours, and then I shall have five times as many as you have; which you know will be quite the same as if you had them yourself, or indeed better; as I shall save you the trouble of carrying them, shall protect you and the rest of your property, and shall besides give you many fine things when we get to the fair—Bless me, Margaret! what is the matter with you? How frightful you always are when in a passion! And how horribly ugly you look whenever you contradict me! I wish poor Ralph the miller saw you just now, I’m sure he’d never look at you again. Besides, sister of mine, since you force me to it, and provoke me beyond all bearing, I must tell you, that as I am stronger than you, I can take them whether you will or no.’ The thing was no sooner said than done, and poor Peg, found herself obliged to submit to something much more convincing than her brother’s logic.

“ On they jogged however together, Peg pouting all the way, and John not a bit the civilier for having got what he knew in his heart he had no title to; and when they got to the fair, poor Peg’s property, of which he was to have been the faithful guardian, and careful steward; went with his own, to purchase baubles and gin for his worthless favourite. But then, had not Peg pretended to put herself upon a footing of equality

equality with him ; or had she even after all, but calmly and quietly given up her own rights without murmuring,—nothing so easy as that, till it comes home to a man's own case,—he swore manfully that there should not have been a word between them.

“ Thus goes the world ! And a pretty farce it is !—And such are the weighty arguments used to deprive women of rights, of which, were they on the contrary put in full possession, and taught the right use, would not only encrease their own stock of happiness ; but, however it might affect individuals, which can never be guarded against in any system, or any plan of reformation whatever, would certainly meliorate the mass of humanity upon the whole. And, affected as this phrase may appear, it is the only idea I have, or definition I can give, of rational reformation, or possible perfection, in our present state.”

What the Authoress *would have women to be*, may be learnt from the following extract :

“ I have now traced in the best manner I am able, those virtues which are most essential to the sex—those virtues which must be the foundation of every useful, or amiable, or valuable character, however circumstanced, or in whatever situation. And meagre as the catalogue may appear, such general and indispensable ones, are all that can with any propriety be pointed out in a work of this kind.

“ The love of truth—a detestation of hypocrisy and disguise—simplicity of manners in as great a degree as can be reasonably expected, or as is consistent with the advanced state of society—unaffected modesty of heart and conduct, with much allowance for the frailties, and much compassion for the miseries of the unfortunate—liberal opinions and humane conduct with regard to domestics and dependents—and a reasonable desire after knowledge, notwithstanding the illiberal prejudices thrown in the way—*these* compose the body and the leading branches of the system. The ramifications are infinite, and certainly no delineation of them will be here attempted.

“ Though no mention has been made of *Religion*, the most important concern of all ; yet a deep sense of it—however modified by different denominations of christians—is considered as the vivifying principle which animates the whole system.—The master spring by which the whole is moved and regulated.

“ Without religion, though virtue may exist, it is deprived of its best support, its most faithful counsellor and guide.— Without religion, we are deprived of the animating hope of rendering ourselves acceptable in the sight of the only Power, who is able to appreciate and reward, the often silent and unseen exertions, of the noblest faculties of our nature.

“ A perfect knowledge of the divine morality of the christian system, is therefore not only included in our plan; but is considered as the best and most solid foundation upon which to rest the whole.

“ Of such a superstructure—raised on such a foundation—stability, consistency, and rationality will of course be the prominent features.

“ But in characters thus formed it is natural likewise to expect from the best motives, amiable dispositions, and gentleness of manners; for the earnest precepts and matchless example of the Author of our faith, are, with regard to humility of heart and conduct too positive to be evaded by any thinking believer of either sex. How men professing belief in the scriptures, reconcile their consciences to the flagrant breaches of these, and other moral virtues equally forcibly inculcated on both sexes; is therefore unaccountable upon any other principle, than that of their not thinking at all.

“ I cannot however in conscience recommend to our sex, the wretched casuistry, of excusing their own neglect of duty, from the example of others. If we are once sincerely persuaded that the precepts of our Saviour are drawn from a divine source, and adapted to human nature, with a tender compassion for its imperfections and sufferings; and that as such they are the best calculated of all to produce happiness—mortal and immortal—If we are once sincerely persuaded of all this, though we see others abandon this great standard of duty, it ought not,—nor it cannot indeed then, greatly affect our conduct.

“ A stronger proof cannot be urged of the infinitive importance of fixing religious principles early in the minds of women. For perhaps there is not another means of guarding them against, and enabling them to repel, the force of bad example—which comes too with double force from those, who have erected themselves into perpetual dictators, and supreme judges over women—than that of enabling the sex to draw  
their

their rules of conduct from the highest sources—before the stream is polluted by the follies and absurdities—and before themselves are likely, to be much influenced by the dereliction in principle and practice of men.

“ Every virtue raised and supported on such a noble basis, will bear the stamp of reality, and stand the test of trial. That mere automaton may put on the semblance of every virtue to a degree as captivating—perhaps even more so, than women of real sensibility, and of fixed principles, I am most willing to allow. But this is ‘ the varnish of the surface, not the cultivation of the mind.’ And though when viewed through the favourable mediums of youth and beauty, it may appear lovely, and pass for sterling; yet when brought into collision—when brought to bear against the rubs of life—how it scales off, and betrays the base materials, it was employed to screen! Whilst real, unaffected, unassuming goodness, may be compared to marble of the most exquisite quality,—which without flaw or blemish, admits of an equal polish through all its parts as on its surface; and on which the sculptor may lastingly impress the sublimest efforts of his art. So virtues founded on energy of mind and consistency of character, as well as truth in every shape, appear to greatest advantage and interest most, when examined nearly, and when most severely tried.”

We wish the fair Authoress success. Her cause is good, and will eventually prevail. She seems to contend for that rational and honourable treatment of women to which they are entitled, and which indeed is not withheld from them by sensible and liberal minded men even in the present degenerate state of mankind. We admire the motto to this work, taken from Dr. Johnson, though most probably he had no idea that it would ever be applied to this curious subject:—“ Let it be remembered that the efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the consequences expected. Let knowledge therefore take its turn, and let the patrons of privation stand a while aside, and admit the operation of positive principles.” Few *mottos* have been applied with greater discernment.

*Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno, on the Coast of Aracan; and of the singular Preservation of Fourteen of her Company on the Wreck, without Food, during a Period of Twenty-three Days; in a Letter to his Father, the Rev. Thomas Mackay, Minister of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, by William Mackay, late Second Officer of the Ship.* pp. 59. 2s. 8vo. Debrett, 1798.

**T**HIS appears to be an authentic Narrative, and of a nature highly interesting:—

“During the first three days,” says Mr. Mackay, posterior to the commencement of the wreck, “I did not suffer much from want of food, the weather being cool and cloudy; but on the fourth the wind abated, the clouds dispersed, and left us exposed to the scorching heat of a vertical sun, which soon roused me to the keenest sense of my situation. Hitherto the apprehension of what might be to come proved more intolerable than any thing I actually experienced. Though my sensations, particularly of thirst, were exquisitely painful, they were not so violent as what I have read of in similar cases. But I now began to feel in reality what I had already tortured myself with in imagination, and I dreaded I was approaching to the point I had figured to myself, which the cries of those among us, most given to complaining, led me to think they had actually reached. I recollected however having read in Capt. Inglefield’s Narrative, that his boat’s crew had received great benefit from laying down by turns in a blanket which had been previously dipped in the sea, the pores of the skin absorbing the water, and leaving the salt on the surface. This practice I adopted as far as I could, by dipping a flannel waistcoat I wore next my skin from time to time in the sea. Many of my companions, who followed my example, agreed that it refreshed them, and I am convinced that by the blessing of God, it was the means of saving my life. It was further useful by occupying the mind, and preventing despondency; I always found a secret satisfaction in every exertion for the preservation of my life.”

Again:—

“Fearing the bad consequences of drinking salt water, I refrained from it as long as possible, till unable to endure the parching



parching heat of my stomach and bowels, and thinking my dissolution at hand, I went down to indulge myself with a draught, and drank perhaps near two quarts. To my great astonishment, instead of injuring it revived both my strength and spirits, but still considering it as certain poison, I every moment expected my last agonies to begin. In this too I was mistaken: I got a sound sleep, and my inward heat abated; I felt stronger, and though it purged and griped me violently, the inconvenience was trivial when compared with the benefit that always resulted."

As the wreck advanced, Mr. Mackay continues:—

"Of those who were not immediately near me I knew little, unless by their cries. Some struggled hard, and died in great agony; but it was not always those whose strength was most impaired that died the easiest, though in some cases it might be so. I particularly remember the following instances. Mr. Wade's boy, a stout and healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect, highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the foretop when the boys were taken ill. The father of Mr. Wade's, hearing of his son's illness, answered with indifference, "that he could do nothing for him," and left him to his fate. The other, when the account reached him, hurried down, and watching for a favourable moment, crawled on all-fours along the weather gun-wale to his son, who was in the mizen rigging. By that time, only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter gallery; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of reaching the father lifted him up, and wiped away the foam from his lips: and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation, both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, gazed wishfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk

down, and rose no more, though he must have lived two days longer as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him.

"This scene made an impression even on us, whose feelings were in a manner dead to the world, and almost to ourselves, and to whom the sight of misery was now become habitual."

The following circumstance, which happened to them on escaping the wreck, may serve to illustrate the virtues of savages:—

"All the time we remained here, the natives were busily employed at low water in rummaging the wreck, tearing the copper from the ship's bottom, and all the iron work they could manage.

"The night before we were to set out towards the village, Mrs. Bremner not being able to walk, it was proposed that they should make a litter of bamboos for her; and, after much altercation, they agreed for twelve rupees to carry her and her maid, and for two more to supply us, her four pensioners, with rice till our arrival at the village. I was much afraid I should not have strength to walk, and that they would not stop for me by the way. I therefore entreated to be indulged with a litter in like manner, assuring them that whenever I arrived at the nearest Company's settlement, (which I understood to be Ramoo) the English Gentlemen there would liberally reward them. They were deaf to my entreaties, and positively refused to carry me at all, as they said I was so much heavier, unless I paid twice as much as Mrs. Bremner, and that in ready money. I at length resolved to stay behind with some of the party, who were to be left in charge of the plunder taken from the wreck, till Mrs. Bremner should reach Ramoo, and represent my situation to the Gentlemen there, who, I was confident, would send a conveyance for me. I therefore endeavoured to bargain for rice during that interval, and they at first agreed to supply me at the rate of two rupees a day, but in the morning they repented, and would not give an ounce without ready money. In vain I promised a large sum hereafter; nothing would satisfy them but ready money, which they well knew I had not to give.

"Finding entreaties and promises equally ineffectual, I had recourse to threats, and declared that if I should fall a sacrifice

to their ill usage, the East India Company, whose subject and servant I then was, would assuredly avenge my death. They despised my threats, and beheld my distress with indifference; I had, therefore, no alternative, but to resolve on accompanying them, though I had great reason to fear I should give up by the way, and be torn to pieces by the tygers which were said to infest the jungle.

"When we were ready to set out we found that only five men were to proceed along with us, four to carry the women, and one our provisions; and they engaged to give us rice only twice a day. We represented that we should never be able to perform the journey without a third meal, but one man, they said, could not carry more than would supply so many persons with two allowances each day, and they refused to let us have another man, without receiving three rupees more, a condition with which it was not in our power to comply."

He, however, loses sight of his guides, when he meets with the ensuing adventure, which may stand as an admirable contrast to the preceding instance of barbarity and selfishness:—

"At length, after wholly losing sight of all my companions, I espied a party of Muggs\* near the beach dressing rice. Not understanding their language, I was at a loss how to make known my distress, but went towards them in hopes that my wretched appearance would move their compassion, and was not mistaken. Their chief accosted me in Portuguese, and asked me what had reduced me to my present condition. I replied in a few words that I was shipwrecked, famished, and deserted by my companions, and entreated him to give me something to eat.—He was much affected at the relation of my sufferings, and execrated the inhuman wretches who had left me, whom he saw pass half an hour before without speaking to them. He immediately gave me of the best victuals he had, and observing that I ate in a ravenous manner, cautioned me to restrain my appetite at first, assuring me at the same time that he would give me a plentiful supply for my journey. He added, that I ought not to despair, because I had been deserted by my

\* A cast or tribe employed as porters, and easily distinguished by their appearance.

companions,

companions, for that he would put me in a condition to reach Ramoo without their assistance, and therefore advised me to give up all thoughts of overtaking them, but go on at my ease. The tygers, he said, in that part of the country were extremely shy, the smell of fire frightened them, and before we parted, he would teach me to strike a fire, so that at night I should have nothing to fear from them, and might therefore lie down in perfect security.

"The wounds I had received in coming ashore being full of sand and dirt, this humane stranger washed them clean, and rubbed them with ghee, by which they were soon healed. He gave me as much rice as I could carry, and a pot to dress it in: also onions, chillies and tobacco, the use of which he strongly recommended. In short, he gave me part of every thing in his little store, and, in order to dress my food, and keep off the tygers at night, taught me how to strike fire, by rubbing two pieces of bamboo against each other in a particular manner. He concluded with informing me, that he was a Portuguese pedlar, a native of Chittagong, where he lived, and that he was now going to Aracan with goods.

"I was so much affected with his kindness that I could hardly bid him adieu: after recommending me to the blessed Virgin, he hurried me away, that I might arrive before night at a hut two miles farther on. I had not gone many yards when he came running after me with a pair of trowsers, which he desired me to put on before I reached Ramoo, that my feelings might not be hurt by appearing there without clothes. At this fresh instance of his goodness I burst into tears; I could not thank him: once more we took an affectionate leave of each other, and I pursued my journey in high spirits."

Upon the whole, although this "Narrative" is at first tedious, owing to an uncommon multiplicity of metaphrases, unintelligible, and useless to the general reader, it is yet deserving of considerable attention, and related with a due portion of perspicuity.

*Malvern Hills. A Poem. By Joseph Cottle.* 2s. 6d.  
Longman.

MR. Cottle is already known to the world by a small volume of poems, an improved edition of which was lately published. The entertainment which we experienced in the perusal of that production, led us to open these pages with a pleasing expectation, nor have we suffered any disappointment.

After a manly and humane preface relative to the distresses of the poor, the Author introduces to the Reader a few lines of his friend, Robert Southey, addressed to him on the subject of his poem. As almost every thing coming from the pen of that ingenious poet is valuable, we subjoin it :—

“ TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

“ Is Malvern then thy theme? it is a name  
That wakes in me the thoughts of other years  
And other friends. Would I had been with thee  
When thou didst wind the heights. I could have lov'd  
To lead thee in the paths I once had trod,  
And pointing out the dark and far-off firs  
On Clifton's summit, or the spire that mark'd  
That pleasant town, that I must never more  
Without some heavy thoughts bethink me of.  
I could have lov'd to live the past again.  
Yet, were I ever more to tread those heights,  
Sure it would be in solitude; for since  
I travell'd there, and bath'd my throbbing brow  
With the drifted snows of the unfunn'd mountain clift,  
Time hath much chang'd me, and that dearest friend  
Who shar'd my wanderings, to a better world  
Hath past. A most unbending man was he,  
Simple of heart, and to himself severe,  
In whom there was no guile, no evil thought,  
No natural weakness. I could not have borne  
His eye's reproof; it was to me as though  
The inward monitor that God has given  
Spake in that glance; and yet a gentler man

Liv'd

Liv'd not. I well remember on that day  
 When first I pass'd the threshold of his door,  
 The joy that kindled every countenance  
 Bidding him welcome home. For he was one  
 Who in the stillness of domestic life  
 Was lov'd and honour'd, rightly deeming that  
 Best scene of virtue, and partaking there  
 The happiness he made.

Upon a hill,  
 Midway, his dwelling stood. The ceaseless stream  
 That rolls its waters o'er the channell'd rock,  
 Sent from the glen below such mellow'd sounds  
 As in the calm and contemplative hour  
 Invite the willing sense. The ascent beyond  
 Bounded the sight, that ask'd no fairer view  
 Than that green topse whence many a blackbird's song  
 Was heard at morning, and the nightingale  
 Such sweet and solitary music pour'd,  
 As, suiting with the twilight's sober thoughts,  
 Blends with the soul's best feelings. In her dreams  
 Of purest happiness, my fancy shapes  
 No lovelier place of resting. But no more  
 Shall I behold that place of pleasantness:—  
 Death has been busy there.

And well it is  
 That thoughts like these should wean us from the world;  
 Strengthening the heart with wholesome discipline  
 For life's sad changes. Oftentimes they rise  
 Uncall'd, but not unwelcome, nor unmix'd  
 With a deep joy that satisfies the soul.  
 Even now, a man contented with the past,  
 Pleas'd with my present fate, and looking on  
 In hope, I sometimes think on that dear Friend,  
 Who surely I believe will welcome me  
 When I have pass'd the grave, and bless my God  
 For this belief, which makes it sweet to die.

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

This poem consists of a delineation of the objects seen  
 from off the *Malvern Hills*, accompanied with moral  
 reflections. Genius in poverty is thus described:—

"By

“ By my side

There stands an aged thorn, at this lone hour  
 Cheering, the sight of ought familiar.  
 How bent its matted head, by the bleak wind,  
 That in one current comes—howling and fierce!  
 Thou poor unshelter'd thorn, I pity thee!  
 Tho' this the month of gladness, and the time  
 When verdure thrives—tho' now thy fellow trees,  
 Down in the vale beneath, their summer drefs  
 Put forth, and every spray, with blossoms hung,  
 Dances with happiness; yet, heedless, thou,  
 With here and there a solitary leaf,  
 Look'st ever to the earth, disconsolate:  
 'Till some rude tempest shake the mountain's brow,  
 Uptear thy feeble limbs, for ever end  
 Their conflict with the storm, and down the steep  
 Hurl thee, unpitied—tenant of the clouds.  
 Emblem art thou of him in this low world  
 Whom Genius burdens, whose diviner mind  
 Spurns at the world's low aims, and feels itself  
 Unblest: whilst poverty's bleak winds assail.  
 Low, like the MOUNTAIN THORN, he bends his head,  
 And whilst unnumber'd objects speak of joy,  
 And ignorance looks gay, and folly smiles;  
 Nursing his many wrongs, he stands aloof,  
 And thinks, with calm consolation, when his head  
 Down to the grave shall go, his spirit rest.”

Among these hills there is, it seems, a well of medicinal water, which the poet hath thus pleasingly noticed:—

And now I mark,  
 Beneath two lofty hills, and in the vale  
 Form'd by their steep descent, the Holy Well.\*  
 A plain stone dwelling, weather-worn and rude  
 Stands singly by. There never sound is heard  
 But the bleak wind, that, howling from above,  
 Sweeps the bald mountains's side, and urging on  
 Its boisterous way, at length forgets its rage,

\* The Holy Well is situated about a quarter of a mile from the inn.

In

In dallying with the valley's scattered trees :  
 Save when the sky is hush'd, and to the ear  
 The never-ended bubblings of the spring  
 Send the same note—the same unvarying note.  
 Most melancholy spot! the hand of time  
 Seems busy with thy shatter'd tenement,  
 And all around thee prompts to pensiveness :  
 For who can view this place, or think of those  
 Who to the fount are led to ease their frames  
 Of rankling malady.—The drooping fire  
 Of rising children, tottering o'er the grave,  
 And casting, with an anxious look, his eye  
 Through distant times, with many hopes and fears  
 For those he leaves behind. Or of the wife  
 Who bears a mother's name, by slow disease  
 Treading the downward road, yet, fill'd with dreams  
 Of lengthen'd days and coming happiness ;  
 Watching her infant's smile, and planning well  
 Its future destiny; tho' never she  
 Shall mark its course. Yet not alone the throng  
 Who vainly hope the renovated frame,  
 Here pass their days ; beneath yon stately roof\*  
 Health and her sister Cheerfulness are found,  
 Whilst every joy, from nature's fairest works,  
 When in her pride she sits immaculate,  
 Spontaneous heaves the heart.

\* There is one large Inn at Malvern, which accommodates all the company who visit the spot. They have a common table, and the place is subject to regulations as others of a similar kind.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Poetical favours have been received, and will meet with due attention.

We thank our *Glasgow* Correspondent for his *Essay on Innocence*, which shall be inserted in our next Number. His proffered communications will be acceptable.



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*Engraved by J. Chapman.*

EARL ST. VINCENT.

*London, Published as the Act directs, Sept. 1798 by H.D. Symonds. Price sixpence.*